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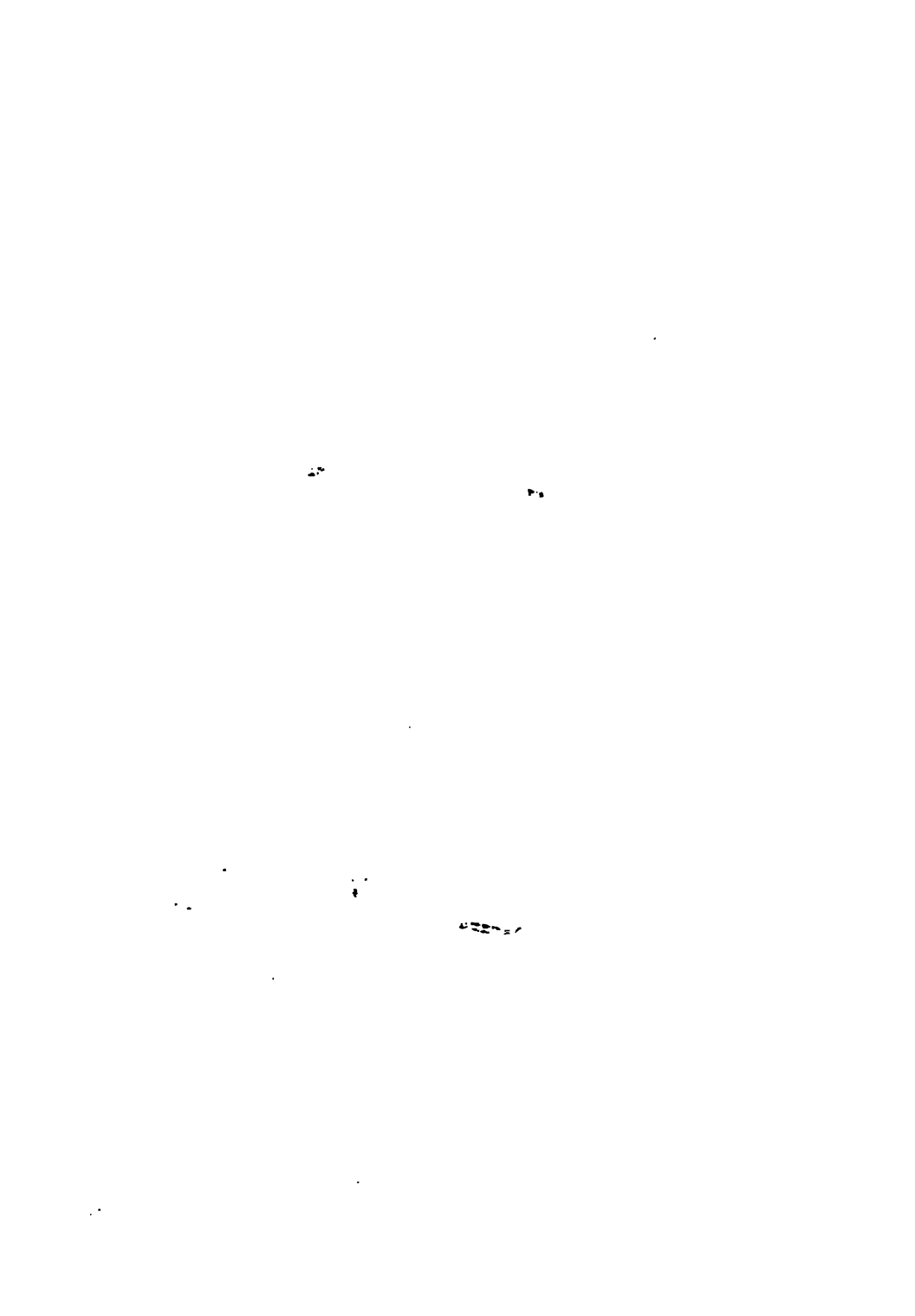
The Mahopac Falls
Baptist Sunday School

Christmas

1895.

YFE

Thayer



**“ We are building every day,
In a good or evil way ;
And the structure, as it grows,
Will our inmost self disclose.**

**Build it well, whate'er you do ;
Build it straight, and strong, and true ;
Build it clean, and high, and broad ;
Build it for the eye of God.”**

AIM HIGH

HINTS AND HELPS FOR YOUNG MEN

BY

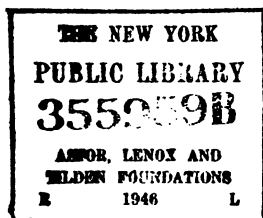
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dn
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LOG CABIN TO WHITE HOUSE," "TACT, PUSH, AND PRINCIPLE," ETC.

New York

THOMAS WHITTAKER

2 AND 3 BIBLE HOUSE



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PREFACE.

THE following pages will be found to discuss briefly and pointedly a number of practical topics that are likely to be helpful to young men. They form a selection from the results of many years' observation of life and character. The various themes brought into notice are therefore handled in the light of a long experience, and also, it is hoped, in such a way as to inspire thought and action,—leading to the higher appreciation of truth and honesty, integrity and diligence.

It is by no means claimed for this volume that it presents a complete view of the young man's purpose or progress in life. It is merely what the title "Hints and Helps" would clearly suggest; that is all. But if it prove in any degree a means of setting young men to think more seriously and practically, it will abundantly fulfil its mission. A "hint" is often better than an argument. A

“help” is always timely and welcome. Both together may bring sound instruction and blessing that will endure. It is with such a hope that these brief and varied papers are issued,—blending as they do the breathing example with the less lively but not less pointed precept. If any one gets here a hint of better things or a help on the way, this little volume will not be in vain.

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CHAPTER I.

CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE.

I. THE POWER OF CHARACTER.

THE greatest power which a man wields in this world is the power of character—an influence that emanates from the summary of his sterling virtues. This is substantial and enduring in comparison with the influence that springs from any other cause. That which results from the acquisition of wealth or office is liable to vanish any day, since both the wealth and office may disappear thus suddenly. But power that is based on character is lasting as character itself. It has taken time to develop those sturdy elements of character that command the respect of beholders, and the power which they wield in consequence is not evanescent. It is real worth of soul-qualities, and it will stand. Calumny and scandal cannot rob it of its true value, however virulent and spiteful



they are. They may blacken it for the time being in the eyes of some, but this is readily removed, like tarnish from solid silver.

On this point young men frequently hold mistaken notions. They witness, for example, the deference that is paid to rank, and follow the man who is lauded to the skies for the office that he fills, and they say that "rank yields the greater power to man." Or they behold the rich man, with his retinue of servants, and observe the homage which is paid to him for his wealth, and they say that "wealth will give the greater power." On this account we find one striving for position and another for wealth, as a means of acquiring power over men. Their plans are laid and their pursuits are chosen with reference to this result—securing power through the acquisition of riches or distinction, or something of the kind. Tact, shrewdness, skill, also come in as necessary instrumentalities in accomplishing the object. Much dependence is often placed on these latter means to rise in the world. To be shrewd at a bargain or wire-pulling is thought to be indispensable to the end proposed, whatever may be the principles that lie back of this in the heart. A great mistake this.

A sterling character, that has been formed by strict adherence to right and duty through a series

J. G. V. N.

of years, is stronger than all these put together ; for this is founded upon deep and lasting convictions of right. Principles that are as abiding as truth itself lie at the foundation of it. The underpinning is solid rock, and the framework of the superstructure is equally strong.

History affords many remarkable illustrations of this power of character. The first that suggests itself to us is that of Washington. He was great in more particulars than one, but his pure and noble character gave him more power over his fellow-men than all things else. Indeed, his real greatness lay at this point. There was an unaffected sincerity and honesty in every act, together with a high religious sentiment, that never fails to command respect. It carries power with it in every time and place. Hence the name of Washington is the synonym of all that is great and good in man, and has been from the time he held the destinies of this country in his hand. Some may have viewed him merely in the light of a military man, and others may have admired him as a statesman, but all are swayed by the irresistible power of his character, whether they know it or not.

Among many other distinguished persons whose power of character has been widely acknowledged is Roger Sherman—one of the statesmen and patriots of the Revolution. Few men ever carried

with them an influence that so completely commanded the respect and admiration of their fellow-citizens. He stood forth as the embodiment of principles that are firm and lasting as the hills. Dr. Edwards says of him, "His undeviating political integrity was not the result of mere patriotism or philanthropy. He revolved in a higher orbit. The volume which he consulted more than any other was the Bible. It was his custom to purchase a copy of the Scriptures at the commencement of every session of Congress, to peruse it daily, and to present it to one of his children on his return." Here was the secret of his power with men, acquired unconsciously to himself, and all the more valuable for that.

We had an illustrious example of this subject in the late President Lincoln. Born in penury and obscurity, in a portion of the country where the institution of slavery sadly oppressed the poor whites, there was scarcely a prospect that he would ever be known beyond his own family circle. With less than a year's schooling in his childhood and youth, but with a store of pious counsels, he started upon his career, showing in all circumstances that he possessed an incorruptible integrity that "grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength." And this, more than his remarkable progress in knowledge in spite of untoward circumstances,

suggested his name, in the time of the nation's peril, as a candidate for the highest office in the land. The same social and intellectual qualities, under the control of political chicanery, would not have brought him forward for this high position. But his character was a platform on which the friends of liberty could stand, without fear of its being injured by the assaults of intriguing demagogues. And here his bitterest enemies have aimed no shaft. Entrenched within the citadel of his spotless character, he commanded the respect of all parties as a man of honest purpose and unsullied virtue. His political sagacity and mental acumen gave him power as the head of our great republic, but the power of his character exceeds all this by far. To this he owed his nomination. To this he owed his election. By this he held that almost unparalleled confidence that was reposed in his administration by his constituents.

And the peculiar encouragement there is in all this lies in the fact that every young man can possess and nurture similar integrity. All cannot be rich or great, because these acquisitions are so dependent on circumstances; but all can be honest, upright, good. None are so low or poor that these sterling elements of character are beyond their reach. They are to be had without money and without price. The humblest youth can become

the happy possessor of these attributes as really as Washington, Roger Sherman, or Abraham Lincoln.

2. CHARACTER BUILDING.

Many confound character with talents, position, and opportunities. But God gives the physical qualities, talents, blessings, and opportunities with which character is to be built. These constitute the materials for building ; and we must do the building. A bushel of apple-seed is not the orchard, neither are ten bushels of acorns the forest ; but they are the germ of orchard and forest. With them, human effort will produce the former, with its luscious fruits, and the latter, with its timber and leafy glories. In like manner the physical, mental, and moral gifts of God to men are to be used in the production of character. Divine goodness provides them, but human effort must make them subservient to this grand result—character. And here one thought affords great encouragement to youth of both sexes, viz., the works of God are improved by use ; the works of man are impaired by use. These physical and mental powers are the works of God ; the more they are used, within rational limits, the more they improve.

Dr. Hopkins says, "The faculties will vary in their power according to their original constitution and their training. Nothing that I see would lead me to suppose that the powers of all men are originally alike. In this respect, as well as in others, God gives to one five talents and to another one. But certain original powers being given, their subsequent strength will depend on their training. Here the great and only law is that the legitimate use of any power given by God strengthens that power. This is true of the body and of the mind; and here we see the difference between the works of God and those of man. The works of man are impaired by use; those of God are improved. For his original faculties man is not responsible, but only for the improvement."

Dress, jewels, books, and habitations—the works of man—will wear out; but the intellect will strengthen and brighten by use. The youth who needs greater encouragement to self-culture will lack character when it is most needed. Disraeli said, "The youth who does not look up will look down; and the spirit that does not soar is destined, perhaps, to grovel." Just here the remark of Southey is pertinent: "Live as long as you may, the first twenty years is the longest half of your life."

It is equally true of the works of God that they lose nothing by giving. The light of the sun is not diminished by lighting ten thousand worlds. It can light thousands as easily as one. One candle may light a million others without diminishing its own light in the least.

It has just as much power to light the million as it has to light one. It is thus with all the works of God. The God-given qualities of mind and heart dispense light and goodness without a draft upon their resources. Both intellect and character contribute their aid to thousands, and still have no less to give. They can bless a million as easily as one, and yet possess as large resources for other millions. Yea, better than that, for the Divine law increases their resources by expending them. The more they give, the more they have to give. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth;" "To him that hath shall be given." Mind increases and heart increases by unselfish toil for others. Labour to enlighten others with our talents, and the original five may become ten in power, and the personal character will grow in strength and beauty in like proportion. We cannot conceive how God could possibly offer greater encouragement to youth in efforts at self-improvement. This is doing "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." It

is not only the offer of a reward, but rewarding the person for gaining the reward.

It is clear, then, that the outcome of the talents, opportunities, and discipline vouchsafed to youth ought to be a beautiful life. Not only the greatest things but the smallest things of experience may contribute to this end,—studies, habits, difficulties, trials, enjoyments, companionship, employment, and all the major and minor circumstances of daily living, as well as the higher moral and spiritual advantages of Christianity itself. Youth must build character out of circumstances, instead of allowing circumstances to compromise their character. In his "Life of Goethe," Lewes says: "From the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses, another villas. Bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks until the architect can make them something else. Thus it is that in the same family, in the same circumstances, one man rears a stately edifice, while his brother, vacillating and incompetent, lives for ever amid ruins; the block of granite, which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the strong." The application of his words to the subject in hand is obvious.

John Brown once said to Emerson, "For a settler in a new country, one good, believing

man is worth a hundred, nay, worth a thousand men without character." His remark is just as true of women. Such persons take up the burden of pioneer life cheerfully and hopefully, and make the most of it. Their belief in God and themselves converts the multitude of annoying experiences into material for character, as the pearl oyster transmutes the irritating grain of sand that has worked within its shell into a costly gem. It is equally true that one good, believing youth is worth a thousand to take up the duties of life, at home, in school, abroad, everywhere, and in their discharge, adorn his soul "as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels." Daniel Webster said, "Knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the large term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined, the passions are to be restrained, true and worthy motives are to be inspired, a profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education."

Herbert Spencer defines true education thus: "How to live? That is the essential question for us. Not how to live in the material sense only, but in the widest sense. The general problem which comprehends every special problem is

—the right ruling of conduct in all directions under all circumstances. In what way to treat the body ; in what way to treat the mind ; in what way to manage our affairs ; in what way to bring up a family ; in what way to behave as a citizen ; in what way to utilise all those sources of happiness which Nature supplies—how to use all our faculties to the greatest advantage of ourselves and others—how to live completely. And this being the great thing needful for us to learn is, by consequence, the great thing which education has to teach. To prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge ; and the only rational mode of judging of any educational course is to judge in what measure it discharges such function."

3. "OF NO ACCOUNT."

"I am of no account : let some one take hold of it who has influence and ability." So spake a young man of good common sense and pure heart in regard to a projected enterprise ; and he really believed that he was of no account. The sentiment uttered was not feigned : it was the real sentiment of an honest heart. Hundreds of people there are who feel just so, and in consequence

withhold their influence and efforts from many a good work.

“Of no account!” A being endowed with the noblest faculties, and placed here to work out the great problem of life, and yet of no account! It is not so. Life is not a farce nor a falsehood. Every man is of some account. Every man has not equal influence, nor equal knowledge, nor equal power, but every man is of some account to the world in which he lives. The world talks and blusters over some men, so that they seem of more account than they are. The great general in the field, who leads a mighty army, is talked about as if he did all the fighting, and all the trenching, and won all the victories of the battle-field himself. Hundreds and thousands of fearless privates, who fight gloriously, and win the battle by laying down their lives, are scarcely thought of in the exultations of the country over the success. And yet are they of no account? Did they not bear the brunt of conflict? Could the far-famed general have won the day without their unflinching bravery? Shall the private say, “I am of no account,” just because he is not a general? That, in fact, is precisely what the many do say.

There is the faithful female teacher, in a rural district, gathering around her the boys and girls for instruction, and thus quietly and unostenta-

tiously laying the foundation of character. Is she of no account? She is not known beyond the humble circle in which she moves. And yet she may be moulding the future Franklins, Websters, Edwardses, and Harriet Newells of our land. O no account? Then the foundation of the edifice is of no account.

There is the devoted preacher toiling away forty, fifty years in a secluded village, and scarcely known beyond the limits of his humble parish. He is of no account in the view of many who adore the star of some metropolis. His name is never seen in the papers; his example and influence are noiseless as rays of light from the sun, and so he is not set down as of much account. But if we could open the book of God's remembrances, if we could learn the private histories of the souls composing his flock, we should discover that a high value is set upon him among the angels. There is many a preacher, whose name is paraded in printed columns, and trumpeted abroad for his eloquence or power, who is of far less account to God.

There is the loving mother. How humble her position! Nobody can see her labours now, as she trains up her little ones in the fear and nurture and admonition of the Lord. She makes no noise about it—there is no chance to make a noise about

it—God don't mean that she should make a noise about it. The record of her doings is written only in heaven. Historians could not write it if they would, and most of them wouldn't write it if they could, because she is *of no account* to them. But is she of no account? Let the lives of Doddridge, Edwards, and a host of other worthies, bear witness.

This too common idea of persons that they are "of no account" is just the thing to make them useless. Let them reflect that God made them to be Somebodies and Do-somethings, and they will be likely to *try*.

4. BELIEVE IN GOD.

Belief in yourselves implies belief in God. For we are the creatures of His power, made in His image, and for His glory. The proper use of all the faculties cannot be attained without this honest recognition of God. It is this, especially, which gives right direction, as well as an impetus, to the mental powers. Nothing is so well suited to develop all the nobler elements of human character as this. The highest motive that a man can have to live, is derived from the fact that he is accountable to God. He must see God in His creation and life, in order to do the best that he can.

Start not at the implied idea that you do not believe in God. Multitudes of young men in our land, who would indignantly repel the charge of atheism, do not, nevertheless, believe in God. That is, so far as any practical recognition of Him is concerned, they do not indicate by their action that such a Being exists. If there were no God on the throne, they could not possibly live in greater neglect of His reign and commands. They rise in the morning and retire at night, and labour through the day, without a single thought of Him in whom they live, and move, and have their being. There is no God in their living from month to month, and year to year. Occasionally, perhaps, they turn their thoughts upward, when death strikes down a loved one, or some solemn and impressive thought is forced upon their attention in the house of worship on the Sabbath; but soon the mind returns to its wonted thoughtlessness, and the life still runs on with no God in it.

This is not an unreasonable charge. No! Practical atheism is the sin and bane of many a young man's life; not simply with the debased and profligate, but with those who are respectable and influential. Do you doubt it?

Mark that young man, just entering on his chosen life pursuit. Perhaps he has selected the sphere of traffic in which to spend his energies.

He is amiable, enterprising, moral, and a host of friends tender him their good wishes. He is bound to succeed, and amass wealth. But watch him closely, and see if you can see a God in his life, to whom he is accountable as a moral being. Does he not do business as if business had nothing to do with God? Not that he is dishonest, crafty, and unprincipled. No! He means to be upright, and the least stain of dishonesty may not rest upon his character. But then, he never thinks of God, as having anything to do with the life he is living. He forms no plans, adopts no principles, nor even offers his charities, because God requires the same. The promptings of a noble and generous nature may lead him to assist the suffering, and encourage the promising, without any thought of God and His requirements. What is this but practical atheism? A genuine recognition of God cannot be traced in his whole business career from one year's end to another. And yet he is a respectable, worthy young man, and moves in the highest circles. And now, do you ask, what difference it would make in his life, to recognise God sincerely and practically? The answer lies in a nutshell. It would control the motives that actuate him from day to day, and direct the use of all his powers and possessions. He who amasses and spends riches without any reference

to God may be generous, but he has not that high and noble aim which inspires the man who gets and gives his money as he thinks the Lord requires. The latter is a motive so great and glorious, in comparison with no reference to God, as to challenge the respect and admiration of men. It is another life that he lives, when God is thus brought down into it, to decide its principles, and shape its course.

Take another view. Turn to the reckless and abandoned class of young men, who are found in the haunts of dissipation—the aimless, unprincipled, characterless devotees of vice, having respect neither for God nor man. How speedily would a true and hearty recognition of God turn their midnight orgies into sources of woe! Only let a full, deep, correct idea of God, as Creator, Ruler, and Judge, fasten itself upon their minds, and they would fear and tremble like Belshazzar, when he saw the handwriting on the wall. They must first see God above, around, within them, or they will continue to tread the path that takes hold on hell. It is this clear, awe-inspiring view of God, that would light up the den of infamy with the fires of His wrath, so that the guilty would fly from it as from the gates of woe. Only let a distinct, all-absorbing thought of God, whose piercing eye penetrates the darkest recesses of the

soul, take full possession of the wicked in the abodes of vice, and they would scatter as if the trump of the archangel were sounding in their ears. It is because they have no thought of God, nor wish to have, that they revel in bacchanalian sports, and make themselves merry on the verge of the pit.

There was Newton, in his youth abandoned, casting off the restraints of home and its counsels, and plunging deep down into vice, where he found pleasure in wallowing. Whether there was a God, a hereafter, a heaven or hell, he stopped not to consider, because he cared not ; from bad to worse he went, going down, down, down, in the path to ruin, every day receiving an impetus therein, and bidding fair to make his bed in the everlasting flames. But a better day dawned. The time came when he was forced to believe in God. His past life of sin and shame came up in review before him, and the wrath of an angry God seemed to flash upon it. His soul writhed in agony. Overcome by the power of his convictions, he dashed away the cup of sensual pleasure from his lips, fled from his iniquities as from so many fiery serpents, and sought refuge in God. This sincere, practical belief in God was the turning-point in his history. From that moment, he started upon a new life. He saw that he was made to fulfil a

mission ; that every faculty of body and mind was created for a noble purpose. Thus bringing God down into his life, his mental and moral powers were directed to usefulness, and the result was a luminous, glorious life thereafter.

This fact shows that a belief in God, sincere and practical, is absolutely necessary to give the right direction to the mental and moral faculties—that it lies at the very foundation of the highest success. There is nothing like the inspiration that is derived from a felt sense of the presence of God and obligation to Him. An American writer beautifully says : “There is a definite and proper end, or issue, for every man’s existence — an end which, to the heart of God, is the good intended for him, or for which he was intended ; that which he is privileged to become, called to become, ought to become ; that which God will assist him to become, and which he cannot miss, save by his own fault. Every human soul has a complete and perfect plan cherished for it in the heart of God—a Divine biography marked out, which it enters into life to live. This life, rightly unfolded, will be a complete and beautiful whole—an experience led on by God, and unfolded by His secret nurture as the trees and the flowers, by the secret nurture of the world ; a drama cast in the mould of a perfect art, with no part wanting ; a

Divine study for the man himself, and for others ; a study that shall for ever unfold, in wondrous beauty, the love and faithfulness of God ; great in its conception, great in the Divine skill by which it is shaped ; above all, great in the momentous and glorious issues it prepares. What a thought is this for every human soul to cherish ! What dignity does it add to life ! What support does it bring to the trials of life ! What instigations does it add to send us onward in everything that constitutes our excellence ! We live in the Divine thought. We fill a place in the great everlasting plan of God's intelligence. We never sink below His care, never drop out of His counsel."

A more practical truth cannot be spoken. Hence, we see that a young man cannot believe in himself, in the highest and most important sense, without believing in God. He will not use his faculties, so as to develop them symmetrically and fully, unless he takes some such view of his life as the foregoing quotation presents. At least, the essential truth it contains must be admitted and appreciated, to give aim, force, and meaning to his daily life. With these two things in harmony—belief in himself and belief in God—reduced to practice, he will certainly make his mark while he lives, and leave a gap in the ranks of humanity when he dies.

5. PRINCIPLE AND POSITION.

Principle always commands respect. If a man have enough of it, he will hold a high position, whatever may be his calling. His elevated character will add dignity to his profession, so that it will appear nobler and more honourable. Thousands live without commanding the notice and regard of superior minds, simply because they have not character enough to challenge respect. They imagine, perhaps, that they are not more highly respected, because of their lowly occupation, and conclude that position in society depends mainly upon one's pursuit or possessions. In this opinion they are wrong. It is within their power to win for themselves the esteem and confidence of their fellow-men. They can lift themselves above their calling, or rather lift their calling with themselves, into enviable notoriety. "A man may live so far below the standard to which he ought to attain, that observers will see only his pursuit, when their attention is called to him, and they will say, 'he is a scavenger,' or 'he is a drayman,' or 'he is a porter.' On the other hand, he may live so nobly, and illustrate the Christian virtues so beautifully, that beholders will lose sight of his humble vocation in their admiration of the

man. Or, if their attention be called to his pursuit, it will be to admire his career the more for having maintained such a character in a very humble sphere of action. Hence it is, that we are pointed to this, that, and the other distinguished man, and told that one was a cobbler in early life, another a hod-carrier, and so on. Thus it is used much to the praise and honour of Hugh Miller that he was a mason ; Gibbon, Bloomfield, and Roger Sherman, that they were shoemakers ; Washington, that he was a farmer ; and Akenside and Henry Kirk White, that they were the sons of butchers. These employments are frequently spoken of, to show that certain high-minded, noble men, challenged the respect and confidence of all, notwithstanding their lowly vocations. Let one man sneer at another, if he will, because he is a cobbler ; we can point to Bloomfield, Sherman, and others, who adorned this pursuit, and turn their jesting into arguments against their own discrimination and judgment. Who would think of saying of Hugh Miller by way of derision, 'he was a stonemason.' Hurl the sneering remark at him, with all the advantage wealth and aristocracy can give it, and it injures him not. It rather honours him, by suggesting that he possessed elements of character that elevated him in spite of all untoward circumstances. His

lofty principles, and his industry and perseverance, wrought out a destiny for him that the most fastidious might be proud to inherit, even though they were obliged to take with it the reputation of having worked in stone and mortar."

We would not be understood to assert that the pursuit one follows has nothing to do with his reputation among a certain class; for this would not be true. In the present state of society, both "the accident of birth" so called, and the life-calling, have an influence to elevate or depress one in the view of many. It is no compliment, but a burning disgrace, to the class who are thus captivated by mere external circumstances. We *would assert*, however, that, with all persons whose approbation is worth having, it is principle that mainly ensures position.

We have been led to say thus much, by the perusal of a brief sketch of the life of Daniel Drew, Esq., of New York, a merchant still living. He was the son of parents in humble circumstances, who reared him, to the age of fifteen, upon a farm, where two important elements of character were begotten and nurtured, viz., industry and frugality. When he was fifteen years of age, his father died, and left him without property, though he had what was infinitely better, a good Christian hope. The five subsequent years he spent in driving cattle to

New York for sale. Subsequently we find him a cattle trader in New York City, having in charge "the cattle-dealers' exchange," the "Old Bull's Head." He had one or more partners, and they bought the first drove of cattle (2,000 head) that ever crossed the Alleghanies. Within five years thereafter, he became interested in the steamboat business, and was associated, at different times, with Mr. Vanderbilt and George Law. He was connected with several important steamboat lines, and his property invested therein, when he was most largely involved, must have amounted to nearly a million dollars. While all these responsibilities were pressing upon him, in 1836, he entered the banking business on Wall Street, in which he continued until 1853. In 1857 the Harlem Railroad, which was in a very depressed condition, passed into his hand, in connection with Mr. Vanderbilt, these two gentlemen assuming the floating debt of the road, amounting to \$600,000. All this while Mr. Drew had been engaged in agriculture, in which pursuit he had succeeded better than many of those who make it their only business.

Here is work enough for a master spirit, yet it was all attended to in the most careful and thorough manner. Success crowned his efforts in every enterprise. That he possessed superior

business talents is very evident. That he had a strong mind, which would have made signal achievements in any sphere must be conceded. That his industry, perseverance, frugality, and marked discrimination, were prominent elements of his success, no one can deny. But over all these noble traits of character, presided a high integrity of purpose that bade defiance to the world's severest scrutiny. His business was transacted upon the highest principles of honour and right. All the time he drove cattle from Putnam county to New York City there was a straightforwardness and unyielding regard for the right, which is more beautiful and sublime than all else that signalised his career. Thereby he won the confidence of men. He took their hearts captive, so that the name of Daniel Drew was the best security for any amount of money that Wall Street could offer. As an instance of the unbounded confidence of the public in him, is the fact that in the panic of 1855 he was called upon to indorse the acceptances of the Erie Railroad to the amount of *one and a half million dollars*, and his indorsement alone gave them currency. Two years later he was asked to repeat the act, and again he became responsible for one and a half millions of dollars. Within a few months, that last terrible financial panic came, when stout hearts failed, and

hitherto good paper became worthless in a day ; but paper that bore the name of Daniel Drew, even to the amount of one and a half millions of dollars, was all the while as good as so much gold in hand. It was not alone because the public believed he had the means to meet his liabilities, but more because he possessed a character, tried and proved in the vicissitudes of mercantile life, that was the best possible guaranty of safety that the holder of paper could have.

How truly sublime is the position of a man, who thus commands the unshrinking trust of the observing public ! Behold him standing up as a tower of strength in a great financial crisis, when God appears to shake the foundations of traffic as He did the walls of Jericho, with hosts of panic-struck merchants flocking round him, as if he were some commissioned deliverer just dropped from the skies ! Hear him pledge his sacred honour, or write his name, for the satisfaction and blessing of those whose fortunes are perilled, and at once the turbulent waters are assuaged ! Here is the grandeur of principle, nurtured to its climax of strength and glory. It is the power of unsullied character, holding public confidence at its will, and moving the public heart at its beck ! Grand, glorious position for man to hold in this unprincipled world !

6. SNOW-FLAKE POWER.

What can be more light and beautiful than a snow-flake! Behold it falling like a feather from the clouds, soft, gentle, and evanescent! How "like a thing of air" it is borne upon the passing breeze! How noiselessly it alights upon the earth! A spirit cannot visit us more silently than this fleecy speck descends from above. Then, too, how sweetly it melts away into a crystal drop! Almost a miracle that—the little feathery thing, so like a young white dove, suddenly transformed into a sparkling gem! It seems as if the air full of these lightsome flakes would not crush a flea in their fall. And yet there is power in and about them to turn back the proudest engines of human strength.

Such were our thoughts one day, as we beheld four ponderous steam engines struggling to cut through a snow-drift. They were sent on, with some forty or fifty men, to clear the track, after a storm; and when we first saw them, they were retreating from the drift, having made one furious assault thereon. As if maddened by the discomfort, these four iron horses stopped short, after a retreat of some fifty or sixty rods, and then, snorting and neighing with more defiant spirit,

they plunged on over the iron track, like infuriated demons of darkness, to tread the pile of snow-flakes under their burning feet. Again they were buried, overcome and powerless, in the snow, from whence, after long struggling to extricate themselves, they turned back, and beat a slow retreat. Scores of men stood looking on, and seemed to say, "So you give it up, do you, fiery coursers? You, who have trampled men and beasts beneath your feet, and dragged giant forest oaks swift as the winds along your path, beaten by a snow-flake!"

Once more the engines stopped, to prepare for another onset. A few minutes of rest, and their fiery breath began to pour again from their murky nostrils. Like so many fierce steeds of war, trained to leap and plunge amid fire and smoke and heaps of slain, they seemed impatient for the signal of attack. A shrill whistle, and on they go, causing the very earth to tremble, and the adjacent forest to ring with the thundering sound thereof, when lo! they are lost to sight in the cloud of snow which they plough up and toss from their track of fire. Well done, mighty coursers, the victory is yours! And yet, without those thirty or forty shovels applied to clear your way, the snow would have been your conqueror.

What is more sublime and terrific than a snow-storm! Though a single flake of snow is so light

and transient, and a gentle breeze so soft and delightful, yet, when the storm-god brings out the latent power of both, we are ready to exclaim with the inspired writer: "The pillars of heaven tremble and are astonished at His reproof. He divideth the sea with His power, and by His understanding He smiteth through the proud. Lo, these are parts of His ways; but how little a portion is heard of Him! But the thunder of His power who can understand?" Then, the lightning train turns back in his course, or lies buried, like an exhausted and fallen giant, under the piled-up snow. The whole business of the country is interrupted. The city and village are alike made to feel that God rides upon the wings of the wind. Thoroughfares that once teemed with life are blocked up and deserted, and men who tunnel mountains and face bristling armies are driven home for shelter. There is no alternative. Neither love nor money can secure a discharge from this dire necessity. Stores, shops, and even the house of God, are comparatively forsaken, till the thunder of Divine power has passed away.

A few years since, Russia, with her proud armies and frowning Sevastopol, presented one of the most imposing exhibitions of human strength. Month after month, allied forces sought to beat down her battlements and sack her cities. When,

at last, her world-famed fortress fell before her fierce invaders, what a shout of wonder went up from all the nations! But in a single night, with no other weapon than a storm of snow, God could have buried those contending armies in a common grave.

It appears to be a law of nature to charge the more silent agencies with the mightiest power. Mark the light. How quiet and peacefully it falls! There is no noise in its coming—no sound in its departure. Yet it changes the face of nature, as if touched by the wand of some enchanter. “The prairies waving with wheat, and the forests studded with oaks, make no noise; and the electricity which roars in the thunder-peal is not a tithe so powerful as that which sleeps in the night, and holds the cups of a drop of water in their liquid poise. The world’s estimate of power gives greater prominence to that which upheaves and causes disorder. The eruption of a volcano, to almost all minds, symbolises more strength and grandeur than the silent swing and radiance of a planet. If there could be some splendid confusion produced amid the serenity of the present universal order, if some blazing and piratical comet should butt and jostle the whole outworks of a system, and rush like a celestial fire-ship, destroying order, and kindling the calm fleets that sail

upon the infinite azure into a flame, how many thousands are there that would look up to the sky, for the first time, with wonder and awe, and exclaim inwardly, 'Surely, there is the finger of God!' Yet they behold nothing remarkable in the daily effulgence of light, without the influence of which 'a universal gloom,' in the language of Chalmers, 'would ensue, and surrounding worlds, with all their trains of light, would be shrouded in perpetual darkness. This earth would become a lifeless mass, a dreary waste, a rude lump of inactive matter, without beauty or order. All human activity would cease; universal silence would reign undisturbed, and this huge globe of land and water would return to its original chaos.' " How fearful, then, is the noiseless light!

What a terrific power is that of "the pestilence that walketh in darkness!" Yet it moves silent and unseen. Recall the awful visitation of this invisible agent upon the city of Norfolk, a few years since. Previous to this time, no threatening disease stalked through the peaceful streets. The air was clear and balmy: homes were pleasant and joyous. Peace dwelt within her walls and prosperity within her palaces. But suddenly a deadly miasm ascended from the hold of a ship that lay off the shore, and poisoned the surround-

ing atmosphere. No eye beheld it, no ear heard it. Yet it came with a power more destructive than the bomb-shells and booming cannon of an army. By night and by day, it swept through the city, God's commissioned angel of death, leaving desolation, wailing, and corruption in its pathway. The appalled inhabitants looked on aghast, and the wheels of business stopped in their course. The arm of industry was paralysed. The sound of the hammer ceased. The song of merriment was hushed. The streets were forsaken by stranger and friend. In dwelling-houses and sanctuaries, by the fireside and in the street, this fearful destroyer came down upon his victims. Each one felt that the next moment his nearest and dearest friend might drop lifeless at his side. It was as if the streets were filled with invisible assassins, plunging their unseen daggers into the hearts of the living, and prostrating them at a single stroke. There was terror and sadness in the very relationship of life. It was, indeed, a fearful thing to live in a time like that. No language can describe that work of death, as the mysterious visitant went from family to family, and from friend to friend. "There was written therein lamentation, mourning and woe."

Such are illustrations of the power that resides in the apparently feeble agents of nature. The

snow-flake is only one of a large class of such natural objects and phenomena, connected with which there is often the most startling display of power. They are well suited to magnify the wonders of the world we inhabit, and the glory of God who created it.

One person's influence is a snow-flake. Enough of such influences is mighty power.

CHAPTER II.

THOUGHTS UPON THINKING.

I. VALUE OF A THOUGHT.

A THOUGHT may be considered rather too intangible to appraise; but if the value of one is to be graduated by the benefits it confers upon the world, as we estimate the value of other things, then it were easy to answer this interrogation—"What is the value of a thought?"

The wealth which a benevolent citizen commands may prove a lasting blessing to the community in which he resides; but the greatest blessing of all will be found when thought shall command its ample resources to promote the progress of science and the mechanic art. What is a gold mine in a community compared with the inventive and constructive power of thought? It may rear a town of splendid mansions, and public edifices, and adorn them with the polished elegances of art and ingenuity. But even this

it cannot do without the co-operation, and even the projecting and controlling agency of thought. Open your exhaustless mine, send the miner to dig the precious ore from its rocky bed. Can he dig it with his hands? Nay, he may stand upon treasures greater than the wealth of Croesus, but it is useless to him, until thought put her invented pick-axe into his hand. Then, without even giving credit to thought for his ingenious implement, he heaps his pile of gold, and what then? What shall he do with it? It is a poor currency in its present state. What *can* he do? He can do nothing but to implore the presence of this mental enchantress, by whose mysterious power the hard ore is converted into gold dollars and eagles. Which, then, is the more valuable, the gold, or thought? And yet, thought shares little of the glory among the toilers. In this respect, thought beats the bush, and wealth catches the birds.

This is only a single illustration of what is true in every department of industrial pursuit, and in relation to almost every useful implement of toil we possess. Take the watch, or clock, one of the most ingenious and useful pieces of mechanism to be found, and whose absence from the world would herald another reign of barbarism and put us far back into ages of gone-by darkness. Yes! So

small an article as the watch which we carry in the vest pocket involves principles in its construction, the discovery and development of which have emerged the race from ages of mental gloom. To discover and elucidate them, mighty intellects have spent their force, and philosophy and genius lavished their richest gifts. Yet, how few remember their indebtedness to thought when they consult their watches! How few rejoice in that philosophy which alone is the projector of such a mechanism! They keep time, and that is enough; and they would be just as good for that if they *grew* like the acorns. Says a distinguished writer concerning the benefit of the watch to man: "He is enabled, if he will be guided by this half-rational machine, creature of a day as he is, to imitate that sublime precision which leads the earth, after a circuit of five hundred millions of miles, back to the solstice at the appointed moment, without the loss of one second, no, not the millionth part of a second; for the ages on ages during which it has travelled that empyreal road. What a miracle of art, that a man can teach a few brass wheels, and a little piece of elastic steel, to out-calculate himself; to give him a rational answer to one of the most important questions which a being travelling toward eternity can ask! What a miracle, that a man can put,

within this little machine, a spirit that measures the flight of time with greater accuracy than the unassisted intellect of the profoundest philosopher ; which watches and moves, when sleep palsies alike, the hand of the maker and the mind of the contriver ; nay, when the last sleep has come over them both." Yet the germ of all this was once a flashing thought of Galileo's mind. Standing one day in the metropolitan church at Pisa, his attention was arrested by the oscillations of a lamp suspended from the ceiling. It was what thousands of people had seen before him. It was no new or strange thing. But his active mind caught the suggestion, and thought pursued it, analysed it, proved it, until he established for ever the principle of the most perfect measurement of time, and thus won for himself a coronet of fame brighter than that on the brow of Pleaides with its seven imperial gems. It is the glory of a thought.

When Ferguson was but a lad, the roof of his father's humble dwelling partially fell in ; and, on observing his father apply a beam, resting on a pup, in the manner of a lever, to replace it, he was started upon a train of thought, which absorbed his time and attention week after week, until the boy had absolutely discovered two of the most important elementary truths in mechanics, viz., the lever and the wheel and axle. Men had been

accustomed to raise weights in like manner with a beam for ages ; but it was reserved for young Ferguson to originate the thought which has wrought wonderful changes in the mechanic arts and thereby proved a great blessing to the world.

The distinguished Italian sculptor, Bandenelli, had his attention first directed to the art of statuary, by doing as many boys at the same age do, fashioning a statue of snow after a storm, at his native city—Florence. He surveyed its portly dimensions, bearing aloft its emphatically *snowy* locks, and extending its gigantic arms of silvery brightness ; and there, boy-like, proud of his workmanship, he gazed and gazed, until thought grasped the rudiments of that beautiful art which imparts such a lustre to the temples and history of classic Rome. It was a trivial incident which inspired the thought ; but who can estimate its value ?

The story of Newton and the apple is familiar to every schoolboy. Driven by the plague from his home in London to the country, and leaving his library behind, he was compelled to walk in solitary places and derive his enjoyment from meditation. During one of these solitary hours in a garden, he saw an apple fall to the ground. How many thousands had seen an apple fall before ! And to how many thousands was it

only the falling of an apple ! But it was a *hint* to the sagacious mind of Newton. It inspired a thought which was the germ of the so-called Newtonian Philosophy—the thought of gravitation. The tendency of bodies to fall towards the centre of the earth was already known, and now he at once began to reason thus : “ The power which has drawn this apple from the branch might have drawn it from a higher position, even a thousand times as high. Why may not its influence extend far beyond any height to which we can make our way ? Why may it not reach to the moon itself ? Why may not this be the very power which retains that planet in its orbit, and keeps it revolving as it does around our own earth ? ” Here he had the key to that vast treasure of knowledge which is unfolded when we once learn the sublime principle of gravitation.

Not less valuable was that thought of Franklin, though it was preceded by ten thousand other thoughts which led to the remarkable discovery, that lightning and the electric fluid are identical. True, he had intimations upon this subject before. He had looked upon the dark, murky cloud as the flaming ball darted from its bosom, and he had even more than suspected, that subtle element was the same as the electric fluid which philosophers had generated by artificial means. But it

was not until he saw a boy's kite soaring in the air, that this striking suggestion assumed the form of a definite, all-absorbing, and invisible thought. From the instant he conceived the idea of proving the identity of lightning and the electric fluid by means of a kite, so adjusted as to conduct the fiery element from the surcharged cloud, his desire of success seemed almost a passion. With what alternations of hope and fear he watched the fragile kite as it bared its bird-like breast against the angry storm, to catch the first faint glimmerings of a truth that would make his name immortal! At length the hempen cord quivered, the slender fibres bristled on its surface, he presented his knuckle, received the electric spark, and the discovery was complete! As his biographer records, Franklin heaved a deep sigh, and conscious of an immortal name, felt that he could have been content had that moment been his last. It was glory enough for a life-time to be the father of one such thought.

In all these examples we have striking illustrations of the value of a thought to mankind, and they show that true thinkers are the greatest benefactors of their race. Deprive the world now of one of the above-named thoughts, with all the influences and blessed agencies it has set in motion, and how changed everything would appear!

How different would be the experience of the human family !

This subject finds abundant illustrations already in the ordinary walks of life. In every place, and at all times, we are reminded that a single thought is the most valuable legacy that has been bequeathed to us. In the articles of furniture that render our habitations comfortable, and the utensils of the kitchen that lighten labour and minister to human wants, we find much to magnify the value of thought. The knives, the forks, the stove, and all other articles so indispensable to housekeeping, once existed only as thoughts in the minds of the inventors. Of what inestimable worth has each one proved to mankind ! Remove one of them, and a marked change is wrought in our condition. Thus all these conveniences are fathered by thought.

2. THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

Thought is power. It is an old proverb, "Knowledge is power;" but knowledge is a summary of thoughts. We have water power, and steam power, and press power, but never could have them without thought power as their projector. There was a time when every stream rolled on in its quiet and gentle beauty without a wheel or

a spindle to interrupt its course. Then water power had only a latent existence. To man there was really no water power. But when thought lifted her magic wand, over the surface of expanding rivers, there leaped into being the ponderous wheel and the flying spindle. There was no steam power once. But thought pondered over the world's poverty in respect to force and facilities; soon its dormant energies began to stir, and, as if some fairy enchanter had summoned legions of spirits from the unseen world to aid, the iron horse, mightier than a thousand steeds of war, rushed across the land, and the majestic steamer trampled the surges beneath her flashing footsteps. So with steam power, and most, or all of the mighty forces with which art and science are changing the condition of the world. Thought is their father.

Man, with his own unaided strength can lift only a few scores' weight, and that only a few feet high. But with thought to aid him, with its windlasses and string of pulleys, he will lift the granite dome of St. Peter's, which is 120 feet in diameter, and 22 feet in thickness, to an elevation of 300 feet in the air. A woman can spin but little yarn with the old-fashioned hand wheel: her day's work is a very discouraging *little*. But when thought comes to her aid, the results of her daily toil are multiplied more than 250 times. It is said that

the spinning machinery of Great Britain, tended by 150,000 persons, "produces as much yarn as could have been produced by forty millions of men, with the one-thread wheel." Man, by his unaided vision, can see comparatively a little distance ; but thought, with its wonderful telescope, can linger on the very outskirts of creation, and see "the bands of Orion loosened, and the gems of his glittering belt blazing out into empyreal suns." Behold man adrift upon the midnight sea without chart or compass. How vain his struggles against the beating gale ! As a feather his fragile bark is driven hither and thither in the darkness. He knows not where to steer. But thought adjusts the trembling needle, and it points its quivering finger to the pole. Now, "beneath the utter darkness of the midnight storm, when every star in heaven is quenched, and the labouring vessel in mid-ocean reels like a drunken man on the crested top of the mighty waves, that little bar of steel will guide the worn and staggering helmsman on his way."

Thought, I repeat, is power. Almost with the magical charm of the rod with which Moses started the waters from the rock in the wilderness, or the mantle with which Elisha parted the waters of Jordan, it multiplies agencies of intellectual power.

Thought gives force to the will. It is earnest, intense, concentrated thought upon a single topic, which fosters the invincible and persevering energy of the will. At the age of fifty-six, Scott was in debt to the amount of over £100,000. And yet he resolved to "liquidate that enormous debt by *thinking*." In the short space of three years he produced thirty volumes. Dr. Abercrombie importuned with him to desist for the sake of his enfeebled constitution. Scott's reply illustrates the power which this habit of thought had over his whole being: "I tell you what it is, Doctor," said Scott, "when Molly puts the kettle on, you might as well say, don't boil." That is, I have put this mind power into operation, and it will continue its dominion over the soul and body, even though it hastens their dissolution.

Thought's power is witnessed in that fixedness of attention for which many scholars have been distinguished. Archimedes, of Syracuse, applied himself so closely to his studies that his servants were often compelled to take him from them. And when, at length, his native city was taken by a powerful enemy, his mind was so intensely absorbed in a mathematical theorem which he had just demonstrated, and his transport so great at the result, that, instead of thinking of the enemy, he cried out, "I have found it! I have found it!"

Wm. Mason, Esq., author of the "Spiritual Treasury," fixed his attention so closely upon the preparation of this work, that, when an individual called upon him one day to transact important business, Mason, instead of writing down his name and residence upon the card, as he supposed he did, found, subsequently, on looking at his card in order to fulfil his engagement, that he had written only, "Acts the second, verse the eighth," the chapter and verse upon which he was meditating, so intensely absorbed was his mind in his work. "Thomas, an intense thinker, would sit for hours against a hedge, composing with a low voice, taking the same pinch of snuff for half an hour together, without being aware that it had long disappeared." And for *endurance*, as well as fixedness of attention, the power of thought is seen in the fact that Isocrates employed ten years in the preparation of one of his works ; Dio Cassius twelve years in the composition of his history ; Diodorus Siculus thirty years ; and Virgil, in the composition of his *Æneid* eleven years, and then pronounced it imperfect.

The power of thought is seen in *revolutionising*. It requires only a brief survey of the world to understand that change is the perpetual order of things. One age flourishes upon the ruins of another. Old arts are swept away by the new. The

spinning wheel, which is cast aside, is a memorial of the revolutionising force of thought. That was once a triumph of its power.

But thought has superseded one improvement by another more complete and wonderful. How useless, compared with former days, are our turn-pikes! Where are the stages, whose name was legion, which daily thundered along our streets! The turnpike has given place to the rail-track, and the stage to the car. It is thought advancing from victory to victory. Here and there the forsaken canal, where once immense quantities of merchandise were transported, reminds us of the same truth. Running through our valleys, catching the springing waters as they gushed from hill and mountain side, and connecting as by silver bands city with city, they were once the triumph of art; but now, displaced by the iron track, they are relics which exhibit the revolutionising power of thought.

A single, great, kindling thought, though it proceed from a retired and obscure man, may illumine a continent like the sun, or shake it to the centre as an earthquake. It may give character to generations, and decide the destiny of millions yet unborn. It may destroy creeds and constitutions, and upheave the massive structures of ages past, as if it were the dissolving breath of

Omnipotence. Was not that single thought of Luther—the one-idea man of the sixteenth century—justification by faith—was not that of such a character? Did it not annihilate creeds, and shake the continent till it seemed as if one stone would not be left upon another? Popery was the gnarled oak of many centuries' growth; its roots had shot down deep into the hard, rocky, uncultivated soil of social and civil life, and its giant branches seemed to toss themselves in proud defiance to the storm. But when Luther, as a tempest rose, and this fiery bolt sped from his brain, how like the forked lightning did it scathe and shiver the boughs and knotty trunk of this papal tree! Sneer not at a gifted mind of one idea; for even that hath power to disarm armies and conquer conquerors. Hence some writer has said, "Beware when God lets loose a thinker upon this planet."

Such thoughts are not alone the offspring of the learned and famed. Perhaps the masses of mankind are too apt to suppose that all which has been said may be true of some minds, but that in the ordinary ranks of life thought cannot even hope to rule thus. This is not so. Almost every man who has risen to eminence as a discoverer, inventor, or philosopher, has thought his way upward from lowliness and obscurity. By dint of perseverance in this *thinking* business, he has sur-

mounted obstacles, and triumphed over imposing difficulties in ascending the ladder of fame. Shakespeare, whose writings have won the admiration of men for two centuries, was a runaway youth, the son of a wool-comber, and obtained his living in London by holding horses at the door of the theatre, for those who attended the play. Was not our immortal Franklin a poor Boston boy? Did he not ascend to eminence from the lowly condition of a mechanic? West, America's world-famed artist, was the son of a Pennsylvania Quaker, so poor that when he began, he had not money enough to purchase canvas and colours. But he rose to the enviable position of being the first artist in Europe, and was made President of the Royal Academy, at London. Sir Richard Arkwright, who invented the machinery for spinning cotton, was the son of a poor peasant, and he followed the business of a travelling barber until he was thirty years of age. Homer, who has been styled "the father of poetry," was once a wandering minstrel. Socrates was a poor bare-footed soldier. Count Rumford was the son of a poor farmer in Woburn, Mass. He never enjoyed the advantages of a collegiate education; yet he became one of the most distinguished philosophers in Europe, and founded the Royal Institution in London. Robert Fulton was the son of a

portrait painter, "without friends or fortune!" yet he became a great benefactor of his race.

All these men were less highly favoured in respect to the facilities for acquiring an education, than are the youth of our own land and day. But they were thinkers—original, independent *thinkers!* *Thought* raised them into notice; and this only can give a person lasting fame. The desire to rise in the world is almost universal. But the way adopted by the multitude to secure this end is very uncertain, to say the least. It does not consist in ascending from calico to silks and satins; from cassimere to broadcloth; from a silver to a gold watch, from listing rags to Brussels carpets. Some persons patronise tailors and upholsterers and milliners as if the reputation of life were involved therein. A gold-headed cane or a waving plume is quite an item with a class in winning notoriety. But *thought* only can ensure a deathless fame. This alone gives the "few, immortal names that were not born to die."

Thus we can scarcely turn our eyes in any direction without beholding the evidence of thought's victorious power. Another says, "It has surrounded your houses with comfort; it has given you command of the blind forces of matter; it has exalted and consecrated your affections; it has brought God's immeasurable universe nearer to

your hearts and imaginations ; it has made flowers of Paradise spring up even in poor men's gardens. And, above all, it is never stationary ; its course being ever onward to new triumphs, its repose but harmonious activity ; its acquisitions but stimulants to discoveries. Answering to nothing but the soul's illimitable energies, it is always the preacher of hope, and brave endeavour and unwearied, elastic effort. It is hard to arouse in their might these energies of thought, but when once roused, when felt tingling along the nerve of every sensation, the whole inward being thrilled with their enkindling inspiration,

“ ‘ And all the God comes rushing on the soul,’

there seem to be no limits to their capacity, and obstacles shrivel into ashes in their fiery path.”

The power of thought to confer *happiness* is set forth by the poet as follows. Speaking of the close thinker :

“ His eyes may open on a prison cell, but the bare walls glow with imagery ;
His ears may be filled with execration, but are listening to the music of sweet thoughts ;
He may dwell in a hovel with a hero's heart, and canopy his penury with peace,
For mind is a kingdom to the man who gathereth his pleasures from ideas.”^{*}

^{*} Tupper.

3. THE PAUCITY OF THOUGHT.

John Foster said : " The indisposition of mankind to think makes the world a vast dormitory of souls. The heaven-appointed destiny under which they are placed seems to protect them from reflection ; there is an opium sky stretched over all the world, which continually rains soporifics." This is a severe charge, though it can be easily sustained : and we propose, having considered the value and power of thought, to remark upon its paucity in the present state of society.

We borrow and use men's minds as tools. We measure time, follow the trades, pursue studies, and perform the great amount of our labours with others' intellects. Our implements of labour, our abundant materials, our every thing, with which we gain a livelihood was *thought* out for us. We have used the minds of Newton, Franklin, Arkwright, and Bowditch so much, that without them we should be as helpless as infants. Remove all the aids we derive from their hard thinking, and we should find ourselves in quite another world. The truth is, one thinks for generations. He strikes out some new path, and posterity walks in it ; he develops some sublime principle, and it determines the course of ages ; he makes some great discovery, and centuries reap its untold blessings. The

preacher thinks for his people, and Luther, Calvin, Wesley, and others, have thought for him. The lawyer thinks for his clients, the physician for his patients. In short, as Lavater says, "Thinkers are as scarce as gold ; but he, whose thoughts comprehend his subject, and who pursues it uninterruptedly, and fearless of consequences, is a diamond of enormous size."

Few possess the power of originality ; and this accounts for the paucity of thought. In this respect too many are obliged to say with the poet Campbell, who received a request from a young lady to write something original in her album—

"An original something, dear maid, you would wish me
To write ; but how shall I begin ?
For I'm sure I have nothing original in me,
Excepting original sin."

We have intimated that multitudes do not think. It is not thought, sober, valuable thought, which moves and controls them. It is not this which they seek. The announcement in village or city that a learned pig will be exhibited, or a trained monkey perform, will assemble a crowd, with open ears, eager minds, and staring eyes. The nine-pences will be as plenty as snowflakes. But the serious, useful, scientific lecturer, how often does he receive what ?—scarcely enough to pay for his

hall and night's lodging. Thought, men cannot see, feel, nor taste. They can see a pig dance, or a monkey perform, and this goes far in making them objects to be sought after. If thought could be materialised, moulded into visible form and comeliness, doubtless there would be some, which, by general consent, would vie with even a graceful, dancing, talking pig. Many men and women are only strapping boys and girls. A toy, a plaything must be attached to almost every subject and enterprise to render it popular. The most intense excitement ever created in the political world, within our recollection, was when everything was symbolised; and there were "log-cabins," bean-pole chairs, gates, fences, and arbours, and hard cider—things which might be seen and handled and tasted. With multitudes they were invincible arguments.

And now, if a popular jubilee is to be celebrated, Lynn must go in a shoe, Lowell in a loom, Salem in a ship, and so on through the alphabet. It is all well, except one important representation is omitted. In the van ought to ride the profoundest *thinker* of the age; or for want of such a one, substitute a noble bust of Newton, Franklin, or some other illustrious philosopher.

This array of symbols, badges, emblems, banners, is an appeal to the senses instead of the intellect;

and is about the only hope of making any enterprise popular. Stars and stripes, eagles and hickory-sticks, crescents and lions—they have power to roll the masses as billows on the deep. All this arises from the fact that human interest is most readily awakened by material things. He who can appeal to this fact of human nature most successfully is the most of a philosopher in one particular. In this respect, some modern showmen are philosophers. They reason that to move the crowd, to carry them by storm, the appeal must be made to the senses, not to the intellect. Hence their advertisements, flaming hand-bills, with horses prancing and leaping, and agile performers somersetting, jumping, springing. What an excitement a single one of these huge pictured proclamations will create in a quiet country village! A score of Sillimans and Agassizes could not put them into such ecstasies. What is gravitation, or electricity, or geology, compared with an elephant or a rope-dancer! What is the splendid roll of a planet in contrast “with ground and lofty tumbling”! Why, Arcturus and Orion, with Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn, perform but poorly in the golden circuit of the heavens, compared with the Potters’ and Sands’. Mars never turned a somerset; and Jupiter never rode astride the flying horse. Then never place

Copernicus with the firmament spread out as a book in letters of gold, in the scale with a showman or a rope-dancer! What a miserable exhibition is Franklin playing with the lightning, beside Van Amburg with his head in a lion's mouth! Who is so simple as to fancy tamed lightning, rather than a tamed lion? Yet many of these performers have reaped fortunes, while the world's hard thinkers have well-nigh starved. There is a lesson in this reward which actors and showmen have received, in contrast with the penury and consequent suffering of the learned in past ages. It shows the value which has been set upon thought by the multitudes.

Then, too, the demand of the age for literary trash is proof of the sentiment advanced. Society is flooded with this useless, flashy, frothy literature. It often seems as if it had rained down in some upper country, and was rolling and dashing upon us in a perfect freshet. We may blame the authors, perhaps, but both reason and revelation blame society more. If men and women did not demand it, authors would not write it. It is because a perverted public taste starves an author to it. There was a period in English history, when one of Sedley's profligate comedies, or one of Rochester's ribald lampoons was more valuable in the market than "Paradise Lost." The public, not

the author, made it so. And in such an age, some authors have chosen to pander to such a vitiated taste rather than starve, much to their discredit. Even Dryden lived in such an age, and for a long time he pandered to it. And Rabelais, who wrote in a sensible, useful style, which the public did not notice, declared, "I will write something that they shall take notice of!" and from that moment, he persevered in writing nonsense, for which he was abundantly rewarded. Lord Brougham said that he hoped to see the day when every man in the United Kingdom could *read* Bacon. Cobbett remarked that he would be much more successful if he exerted his influence to cause every man to *eat* bacon. Such facts exhibit the painful truth, that thought is not duly appreciated.

It is such light literature which unfits the mind for mental action. There are books which fill the mind with thought, while others destroy the very faculty of thought. They create a superficiality in reading—a running over the easy pages without consideration—finally leading to the vanity of supposing it honourable to have read a given quantity of volumes. Said a boasting macaroni, "Everything is easy to me. People call Euclid's elements a hard book ; but I read it yesterday from beginning to end, in a piece of the afternoon between dinner and supper."

"Read all Euclid," answered a gentleman present, "in one afternoon! How was that possible?"

"Upon my honour I did, and never read smoother reading in my life."

"Did you master all the demonstrations, and solve all the problems as you went?"

"Demonstrations and problems!" exclaimed the astonished fop. "I suppose you mean the a's, and b's, and c's, and r's, 2's, and the pictures of scratches and scrawls; no, no; I skipped all them. I only read Euclid himself; and all Euclid I did read, and in one piece of the afternoon, too." Many, many such readers there are; and they are made so, often, by the literary trash of the age.

To present another view of the paucity of thought, let us imagine ourselves for a moment the members of some fashionable evening circle, listening to the conversation as it flows amid surrounding splendour. Does it not seem as if mind were left at home? Does the style of conversation indicate that the intellect has much to do with it? Suppose you start some sensible, useful topic, scientific, educational, or kindred subject; is it patronised? Does sparkling interest, lively thought, and flashing wit dash around it? Dress, manner, the weather, the fashions, and the lions of the day; how the eyes flash, and tongues

run and words rattle, when these demand discussion ; on the principle, doubtless, of the Latin proverb, "*Vasa vacua plurimum sonant*" ("Empty vessels give out the loudest sound").

Rousseau said, "Alone I have never known *ennui*, even perfectly unoccupied ; my imagination filling the void, was sufficient to busy me. It is only the inactive chit-chat of the room, when every one is seated face to face, and only moving their tongues, which I never could support. There to be a fixture, nailed with one hand to the other, to settle the state of the weather, or watch the flies about me, or, what is worse, to be bandying compliments ; this to me is not bearable." And it is said that he resorted to the expedient of "making lace-strings, carrying his working cushion in his visits, to keep the peace with the gossips."

It is related of Fuseli, an eminent Swiss painter and scholar, that, after sitting perfectly silent for some time, while in company with a number of persons, engaged in trifling conversation about the weather, and other topics of as interesting a nature, he suddenly exclaimed, "We had beans and pork for dinner to-day !"

"Dear Mr. Fuseli, what an odd remark !" said one.

"Why," he replied, "it is as good as anything *you* have been saying for the last hour."

It seems that this characteristic of social life is not confined to our own age.

But this is not all. Turn to that nuisance of these modern days—the dandy—and dissect his head. Taking the hint, and some of the thoughts, from Addison's famous dissection of a "Beau's Head and a Coquette's Heart," let us proceed to this amusing experiment of mental anatomy.

This animal is human in form, and quite graceful in movement. He has arms, legs, and a place for the mind. He laughs, speaks, talks, and sleeps, like the human species. He appears to be sensible of the vacuity which exists in the upper apartments, since he wears a badge of hair upon his upper lip, seemingly in mourning for his brains. Yet, on proceeding to the anatomical survey, we actually find something which resembles the veritable cerebrum and cerebellum ; though, on applying a magnifying glass, we find that, "as Homer tells us, the blood of the gods is not real blood, but only something like it, so the brain of the dandy is not real brain, but only something like it." The pineal gland, which Descartes considered the seat of the soul or *thinking* faculty, we discover to be so *minute*, that, either the man can have no soul, or the opinion of Descartes was false. In the sinciput, a large centrum or cavity appears, filled with various articles,

such as Spanish powder, a gold chain, a ponderous seal, French novels, a curious cane, white gloves, cards and compliments, and other similar commodities, from which ascends a cloud of perfumery in which we distinctly recognise orange-flower water and cologne. The large cavity of the skull is filled "with a kind of spongy substance which the French anatomists call galamatias, and the English nonsense." The ogling muscles, or more classically, the *musculi amatori*, are worn by use, while *elevator*, "or the muscle that turns the eye toward heaven, does not appear to be used at all." From the base of the viscus proceed the nerves of sensation, yet the man is seldom sensitive except on the approach of a plume of feathers, a Bloomer costume, or the sight of himself in the glass. On weighing the imitation brain, we find it to be extremely light, as its gaping pores, which, if filled at all, are stuffed with trifles. On the whole, after surveying this drear waste of mind, we consider it a sort of mental St. Helena, on which a healthy, valuable thought would die from utter loneliness. At any rate, if the skull were emptied of its miscellaneous contents, little would be lost to the world.

Such is the sad waste of intellectual strength that often meets our gaze ; and hence, we say, that no education is valuable unless it develops thought

—sets the mind to *thinking*. Such culture creates an honourable agency of power for the government of the world. Men may be governed by brute force. Standing armies may be their defence. In the arsenal may be forged the “rod of iron” to rule them ; but in the *mind’s* workshop only can be wrought those goodlier weapons of revolution and Christian sovereignty. “It is not the ruler,” says a fine essayist, “that makes the most noise in the world, who most shapes the world’s fortunes. Ten rockets, sent violently into the air, by their blaze and impotent fury, attract all eyes, and seem much finer and grander than the eternal stars ; but after their short and rushing life has burnt out, and they have noised themselves into nothingness, the stars still shine serenely on, and seem almost to look down with contempt on the crowd who have been fooled into fear and admiration. Thus is it in history. The being to whose command is given a brief omnipotence—whose single word moves myriads of men—on whom power and glory are lavished without measure—is often but the mere instrument of some idea or principle, mightier than he ; and to find his master and king, we must travel back years, and perhaps ages, and seek him in the lonely cell of some poor and despised student, whose busy brain is shaping in silence, those immaterial substances, destined to shake the

world ; to fall like fire upon the hearts of men, and kindle in them new life and energy ; to overthrow and rebuild thrones ; to be the roots of new moral and intellectual dynasties ; and keeping their way through generation after generation, to come out in the end gloriously or infamously, according as they are founded in justice and truth, or falsehood and wrong."

Hence, I repeat, that education only is valuable which creates thought. The young, expanding intellect, before it is disciplined into superficiality by contact with the volatile social aspects of life or the literary trash of the world, displays this thinking gift to a wonderful degree. The child is the author of many deeds, contrivances, and pranks, over which we amuse ourselves, but a little closer observation exhibits to us his originality and mental precocity. Men have made themselves merry over two amusing acts performed in the childhood of Scott and Schiller, but which were really the evidence of their power at thinking, and foreshadowed their future intellectual greatness. One day when a furious tempest was raging so terrifically as to frighten the other members of the family into a single room, trembling for their safety, Scott, then the young Walter, was found "lying on his back in the garden, with the rain pitilessly pelting his face, while he, almost con-

vulsed with delight, shouted at every flash of lightning, 'Bonnie, bonnie!'" On a similar occasion, Schiller was found by his father perched upon a tree, and on being asked why he was there, he replied that "he wanted to see where the thunder came from."

These are amusing acts, but are significant of the splendid thoughts which even then began to flash from their active minds. There was a grandeur and inspiring glory about the war of elements which started the mental powers into peerless energy. Instead of looking on with vacant stare and thoughtless brain, they would pierce the veil which ignorance hangs over the scene of sublimity, and expatiate in nature's grand arcana.

To an active mind, every object becomes an inspiration to thought. Every stone, and shrub, and flower—every form, sound, and colour—every event, fact, or phenomenon—sets it to thinking. Hence Shakespeare declared that there were lessons in the babbling brook, sermons in stones, and good in everything.

The Æolian harp of primitive fame responded to every vagrant wind in strains of charming music. The soft-footed zephyr, tripping from the grassy glen, swept the strings with its airy fingers, and notes of seraphic sweetness fell upon the ear. The gentle breeze came briskly from the mossy

meadow, and its wavy breath inspired the instrument with melting tones. The rougher gale, starting from the repose of the mountain valley, touched the mute chords, though with clumsier fingers, and louder, deeper, sweeter, more enchanting were the notes that broke from the mystic thing. The storm-god, in cloudy mantle, descended from his dark pavilion on high, and, as his heavy footstep pressed the strings, there mingled with the former, sweet, subduing melody, the hollow peals of a bewitching bass. And again, from the bosom of departing day, an evening zephyr came, in the path of the golden twilight, and to its graceful movements, the harp gave sounds, softer, more subdued than the fabled notes of the dying swan. So an active mind arrests even the passing winds, and turns them into music.

CHAPTER III.

SPRINGS OF KNOWLEDGE.

I. HOW TO SPEND WINTER EVENINGS.

SPARE hours are furnished by long Winter evenings ; how shall they be employed to the best advantage ? We have no more right to waste evening hours than daytime hours. Time is a talent, and it must be improved. To waste it is to lose all the physical, mental, and moral discipline to be derived from its wise improvement. Franklin said : " If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality." Whether an hour of evening or an hour of daytime be wasted, it is all the same. Circumstances beyond our control may waste our property, but no circumstances can put time beyond our control so as to waste it. Present time is ours ; it is within our control. We can improve it or we can waste it. No man can

decide for us ; God Himself will not decide for us. Hence the Divine counsel about "redeeming the time." Each one must redeem it for himself, or it will not be redeemed. The command covers evening-time as really as day-time.

The average household can command many evening hours during the Winter. After due allowance for religious and literary lectures, and for time that social and public duties require, there remain a large number of evenings from November to May which members of the family will use at their discretion. Suppose that a son or daughter can improve four evenings per week, for six months of the year, for cultivation of the mind by reading ; or, say, ten evening hours each week. That reading must be well chosen or the time spent upon it will be wasted. Much time is worse than wasted by unprofitable reading ; a positive injury is inflicted thereby upon both mind and heart. Suppose history be selected—the history of the United States. Thirty pages an hour, or three hundred pages each week, can be read with care and attention. This, continued through twenty-six weeks of the year, would amount to 7,800 pages ; equal to about twenty volumes of ordinary 12mo size. In one season, here is enough reading to post one well upon the history of the United States. Or if the history of England be selected,

or of France, Germany, and the Roman Empire, the same would be true. Enough reading to make one acquainted with the history of any single nation on earth ! Continue this reading for ten years, at the same rate, and the history of the world would be substantially covered.

Or, suppose biography is selected. Fifteen of the leaders of the world could be studied carefully in the time specified. In ten years 150 of the great men, living and dead, who have made the world what it is, would be well known ; and to know the lives of that number of leaders of thought and action, is to be quite well acquainted with the history of the human race. A good life of Washington embraces a correct history of the American Revolution, together with a history of the country ten years before and twenty years thereafter. The remarkable events that led to the War for Independence, and the still more remarkable events that followed in laying the foundation and building a great nation, are all embraced in the life of that one great man. The fact indicates how large a part of the world's real life must be covered by the biographies of 150 of its leaders.

Astronomy might be selected, or philosophy, chemistry, botany, or general literature, with similar results. Ten years spent in this way upon any one of the sciences or literature would make

the reader an expert in that department, illustrating the possibilities within the reach of the average reader, and publishing abroad the priceless value of discipline and knowledge derived from the right use of evening hours.

Nor is this all, nor the best. If reading aloud to the household be the custom, part of the time, or all of the time, the invaluable acquisitions of the reader can be shared, more or less largely, by all the members of the home circle. Multiply the intellectual revenue estimated in the foregoing paragraph by three, four, or five, according to the size of the family, and we have a result that compares favourably with almost any school curriculum.

Henry Wilson laid the foundation of his character as a Christian statesman by devoting evening hours to reading. He was "bound out" to a farmer and laboured hard from sunrise to sunset, so that evening hours were all that he could command for self-improvement. At twenty-one years of age he had read nearly a thousand volumes, including the works of leading historians and poets, with numerous biographies and every volume of the "North American Review." What is more and better, his reading had begotten the resolve to become a statesman. In order to increase his chances for going up higher, he

removed to Natick, Mass., and became a cobbler. In twenty-one years from the time he began to make "brogans" he was elected United States Senator, and took the seat vacated by the Hon. Edward Everett. In less than forty years he became Vice-President of the United States. The wise improvement of evening hours did it.

The same was true of Elihu Burritt. At fifteen years of age he had read every volume of the "Social Library," and every book that could be borrowed within two miles of his father's house. His father died, and at sixteen he was apprenticed to a blacksmith, and was obliged to work at the forge twelve hours a day. His evenings were more precious to him than ever. Continuing his studious habits, in twenty years he was known throughout our land as "the learned blacksmith." With the resolution of Alexander, and the push of Cæsar, he mastered every study he began, and became one of the world's wisest and best philanthropists. Reading did it.

From fourteen to forty-five years of age, the late Charles G. Frost made himself. Apprenticed to a shoemaker at the early age named, he resolved to spend one evening hour a day, at least, in reading. Reading led to study, and study inspired his soul more and more, until three hours per day of literary work scarcely satisfied him. In thirty

years from the time he became a shoemaker's apprentice he took rank with the most famous scholars and authors of the United States. One well-improved hour a day wrought this result.

History abounds in illustrations of what a youth, or older person, can do for himself in one evening hour a day for thirty and forty years. A fixed purpose and plenty of resolution will accomplish wonders. Burton once said: "A purpose once fixed, and then death or victory—this will do anything that can be done in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it." Harness this "invincible determination" to Winter evenings, and they will lead on to great achievements, true success, and fame.

2. SOCIETY OF BOOKS.

Petrarch said of his library: "I have friends whose society is extremely agreeable to me; they are of all ages and of every country. They have distinguished themselves in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honours for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company and dismiss them from

it whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live, and some how to die."

Dr. Channing wrote: "Nothing can supply the place of books. They are cheering and soothing companions in solitude, illness, or affliction. The wealth of both continents could not compensate for the good they impart. Let every man, if possible, gather some good books under his roof and obtain access for himself and family to some social library. Almost any luxury should be sacrificed to this." The last sentence we commend particularly to those who think it is extravagant to expend money for a family library, but wise to expend it for silks, satins, and jewels. Said Sir John Herschel of a person in the company of books: "You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest and the purest characters who have adorned humanity." Sir William Waller remarked: "In my study I am sure to converse with none but wise men, but abroad it is impossible for me to avoid the society of fools."

The more complete our sympathy with the authors we read, the more intimate will be their companionship. Henry Ward Beecher said: "I

find I can enter to a very large extent oftentimes into the feelings which inspired the author when he wrote the book, and can tell what fibre of the man's mind was stirred as he wrote it." When that can be done books easily become companions. The same was true of the poet Southey. He sang :

"My days among the dead are passed :
Around me I behold
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old ;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse night and day."

The "Country Parson" thinks that this ability to assemble the authors of the present and other ages around us and take pleasure in their shadowy presence, as if we were communing with them, belongs to the best part of our common humanity, and he funnily illustrates his point thus : "I can remember yet how, when I crept about my father's study, a little boy of three years old, I felt the magic of the art of putting things. All children are restless ; it is impossible for them to remain still, and we all know how a child in a study worries the busy scholar. All admonitions to keep quiet failed ; it was really impossible to obey them.

"Creep, creep about ; upset footstools ; pull off table-covers ; upset ink. But when the thing was

put in a different way, when the kind voice said, 'Now, you'll be my little dog; creep into your house there under the table, and lie quite still,' there was no difficulty in obeying that command, and except an occasional bow-wow there was perfect stillness. It was necessary to keep still, for a dog in a study, I knew, must keep still, and I was a dog." That boy is now the "Parson," who thinks that intercourse with authors in his library is next to seeing and talking with them.

Great men as a class have made real companions of certain authors—bosom companions. This is true, especially of great authors. John Wesley kept two authors close by him, Thomas à Kempis and Jeremy Taylor. "Imitation of Christ," by the former, and "Holy Living and Dying," by the latter, he took up nearly every day to read more or less. Their words were to his soul what their living presence and audible voice would have been. In like manner Milton took to his heart Ovid, Euripides, and Homer, and so intimate was the fellowship that his own composition partook of the best qualities of theirs.

Gray was made a poet by his intimacy with Spenser. He read the productions of his genius as if conversing with the author face to face. De Quincey had a little group of favourites that he gathered around him daily, admitting them to his

table as well as study, introducing them to his guests, and cultivating the utmost familiarity with them — Taylor, Chillingsworth, Milton, South, Barron, and Browne. Pope claimed that his English “Iliad” grew out of his intimacy with Homer in his study. Dr. Franklin read Cotton Mather as he did no other author, entering into such sympathy with him as to feel the thrill of the author’s soul. He said that Mather’s “Essays to Do Good” made him what he became. This is the direct tendency of books that really become our companions; hence both the blessing and danger of companionship with books. The lives of Washington and Clay reproduced their essential elements in Lincoln, because he made them the intimate companions of his youth.

3. THE HOME LIBRARY.

It is indispensable. It may not be large, indeed it must be small in order to prove the richest boon to all concerned. But a library, large or small, should be a part of the family.

Dr. Lyman Abbott writes in his introduction to “Home Reading”: “The home ought no more to be without a library than without a dining-room and kitchen. If you have but one room, and it is

lighted by the wood fire in the flaming fireplace, as Abraham Lincoln's was, do as Abraham Lincoln did ; pick out one corner of your fireplace for a library, and use it. Every man ought to provide for the brain as well as for the stomach." Yet in many well-to-do and wealthy families the library is scarcely consulted. Sons and daughters allow their time and interest to be absorbed in other things because they have no taste for reading. To them books are on exhibition—that is all.

The late Dr. Osgood relates that he was in furniture rooms with a young friend who was purchasing furniture for a house into which he was soon to introduce his bride. "Purchase that book-case," said Dr. Osgood, pointing to a beautiful one standing near. "Why," answered the young man, "I have but few books, and these are so ill-selected that I should be ashamed to place more than half-a-dozen of them where they would seem to court inspection." "Very well," responded Dr. O. ; "you have given me the best reason for entreating you to put this case among your choice articles of furniture, it is just large enough to hold a respectable family library, and with such tastes as you possess, I know that in due time you would fill it with valuable books, bought not for show but for use. Buy it, but do not fill it hastily. Fix on a plan of reading ; see what books your

wants require and procure such as will be of lasting worth. A good family library is the choicest treasure, light, and ornament of home ; it throws out gleams of sunshine in stormy days and nights by its subtle, magnetic power, 'puts us in communication' with the best minds of all ages, cheers our hours of solitude, and daily imparts new life to the pleasures of conversation." "You are right," replied the young man to this appeal, "entirely right: the article shall be sent to my house, but let me ask your aid in selecting books of the kind you recommend." "Rather," said Dr. O, "let me mark you out a course of reading." And he did. The incident contains a lesson on home reading that young men cannot afford to disregard. If "God makes diamonds out of carbon and rubies out of clay," what may he not coin out of such a mint of thought?

Shelley said: "A good library consists not of many books, but of a few well chosen." To a friend he wrote: "I will give you my list—catalogue it can't be called: The Greek Plays, Plato, Lord Bacon's works, Shakespeare, the Old Dramatists, Milton, Goethe, and Schiller, Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio, Machiavelli and Guicciardini, not forgetting Calderon, and last, yet first, the Bible." The omnivorous reader is likely to close up his affairs in mental bankruptcy when he is compelled to

report, with the disappointed debtor, "My liabilities large, my inabilities numerous, and my probabilities unpromising."

Daniel Webster was a very critical reader. He said, "In my boyish days there were two things which I did dearly love, viz., reading and playing—passions that did not cease to struggle when boyhood was over." He read and re-read so carefully that he could repeat the contents of many books. He said, "We had so few books that to read them once or twice was nothing; we thought they were all to be got by heart." His conversation showed great familiarity with books, especially with English literature. Frequent quotations from the British poets proved how thoroughly he read them. He loved to meet and converse with a well-read man or woman. Alluding to this class, he once remarked, "The man I like to converse with above all others is the man who can teach me something."

The following by Henry Ward Beecher, about books in the home, will be read with interest in this connection :

"We form judgments of men from little things about their houses, of which the owner, perhaps, never thinks. In earlier years when travelling in the West, where taverns were scarce, and in some

places unknown, and every settler's house was a house of entertainment, it was a matter of some importance and some experience to select wisely where you should put up. And we always looked for flowers. If there were no trees for shade, no patch of flowers in the yard, we were suspicious of the place. But no matter how rude the cabin or rough the surroundings, if we saw that the window held a trough for flowers, and that some vines twined about strings let down from the eaves, we were confident that there was some taste and carefulness in the log-cabin.

“ In a new country, where people have to tug for a living, no one will take the trouble to rear flowers unless the love of them is pretty strong ; and this taste, blossoming out of plain and uncultivated people is itself a clump of harebells growing out of the seams of a rock. We were seldom misled. A patch of flowers came to signify kind people, clean beds, and good bread. But in other states of society other signs are more significant. Flowers about a rich man's house may signify only that he has a good gardener, or that he has refined neighbours and does what he sees them do. But men are not accustomed to buy *books*, unless they want them. If on visiting the dwelling of a man in slender means we find that he contents himself with cheap carpets and

very plain furniture in order that he may purchase books, he rises at once in our esteem. Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furnishes a house.

“The plainest row of books that cloth or paper ever covered is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved etagere or sideboard. Give us a house furnished with books rather than furniture. Both, if you can, but books at **any** rate! To spend several days in a friend’s house, and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets and sitting on luxurious chairs, and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind. Is it not pitiable to see a man growing rich, augmenting the comforts of home, and lavishing money on ostentatious upholstery, upon the table, upon everything but what the soul needs. We know of many and many a rich man’s house where it would not be safe to ask for the commonest English classics.

“No poets, no essayists, no historians, no travels, no biographies, no select fiction, no curious legendary lore. But the wall paper cost \$3 a roll, and the carpet cost \$4 a yard! Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A home without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without

surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. He cheats them ! Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices. Let us pity these poor rich men who live barrenly in great bookless houses ! ”

4. WHAT A SINGLE BOOK MAY DO FOR A YOUTH.

A book that starts a young person off in a life-career, good or bad, is a power. Nothing is more to be coveted or dreaded. The inspiration of a single book, or a few, has made preachers, poets, philosophers, authors, and statesmen. On the other hand, the demoralisation of a book has sometimes made infidels, profligates, and criminals.

Benjamin Franklin read an infidel book by Shaftesbury, and another by Collins, at fifteen years of age ; and they demoralised his religious opinions for years. But for the excellent books he read before, his infidelity would have blasted his life. As it was, his influence became baneful over two associates, whom he made as thorough sceptics as himself. One of them became a

drunkard and died in disgrace ; the other lived without moral principle, holding the Christian religion in contempt. In ripe manhood the good lessons of his boyhood in a Christian home asserted themselves, and Franklin confessed his grave mistake, and became a defender of Christianity. Two books created that painful episode in his life.

In his early manhood Abraham Lincoln had several boon companions who were infidels, and they influenced him to read Paine's "Age of Reason" and Volney's "Ruins." The reading of these two books caused him to doubt the truth of the Bible, so that, for a time, he was at one with his companions in their hostility to religion. He even wrote an essay upon the unreliability of the Bible, which he read to his associates. But after a few years he saw his folly, renounced all sceptical opinions, and returned to his early familiarity *with* and confidence *in* the Scriptures. Those two books well-nigh unsettled his moral character, and robbed the Republic of a good president.

In his youth the late President Garfield worked for a "Black-Selter," a few miles from his home. His employer owned Marryat's Novels, "Sinbad the Sailor," "The Pirate's Own Book," "Jack Hal-yard," "Lives of Eminent Criminals," and, perhaps, one or two other books of the same character. Young Garfield read them with avidity. He read

them over and over. They opened a new and untried world before him. The life of a sailor fascinated him. He resolved to go to sea. His wise and tender mother put obstacles in his way. The books had made an inroad upon his love of mother and home, and he was fully determined to try a "life on the wave." His mother saw that the books had sown the seeds of evil in his heart, and that he had started on the road to ruin. With wise management, and the aid of a mutual friend when a serious illness had prostrated him, his mother induced him to go to school and not to sea; and here was the turning point of his life. Two or three years before his death he declared in public, that the influence of those few books was never wholly eliminated from his mind.

On the other hand, a single good book has often conspired with good counsels and good principles to make life a success. It has started the reader off upon a career of honour and usefulness. Rev. John Sharp said, "Shakespeare and the Bible have made me Archbishop of York." John Wesley claimed that "The Imitation of Christ," and Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," determined both his calling and character. Henry Martyn was made a missionary by reading the lives of Brainerd and Carey. Pope was indebted to Homer for his poetical inspiration, and it was the

origin of his English "Iliad," as he said. Bentham read "Telemachus" in his youth, and many years afterwards he said, "That romance may be regarded as the foundation of my whole character." Goethe became a poet in consequence of reading "The Vicar of Wakefield." Carey was moved to go on a mission to the heathen by reading the "Voyages of Captain Cook." Samuel Drew said that reading Locke's "Essay on the Understanding" decided the aim and achievements of his life. The lives of Washington and Henry Clay awakened aspirations in Lincoln's soul that "led him on to fortune." The national system of education in Great Britain grew out of a book. Joseph Lancaster read "Clarkson on the Slave Trade" when he was fourteen years of age, and it fired him with enthusiasm to teach the negroes in the West Indies. Without the knowledge of his parents he went there and commenced labours for their mental and moral improvement. His parents learned where he was and sent for him; but his heart was thoroughly in sympathy with benevolent work, and he opened a school for the poor at home. So great was his success that the town after a few years erected a commodious building for his school; and here was the foundation of the present system of education in the mother country.

The late Dr. Charles Jewett, the "temperance

orator," was a fascinating public speaker. No doubt he possessed a born talent in that direction, but he never failed to recognise the influence of "The Columbian Orator" in shaping his purpose. He read that book over and over until nearly every page of it was committed to memory. He practised the pieces in public and private. Before he was eight years old his reputation was so well established in the community for oratorical ability that neighbours would invite him to speak when they met him by the way. Sometimes a neighbour would stand him on a wall for an exhibition of his forensic powers. It was not simply a recitation that he furnished; any boy could do that; it was real, fervid eloquence that poured from his impassioned soul. He grew to manhood and entered the medical profession; but his love of public speaking asserted itself even then, so that he was often heard upon the rostrum. Finally, he abandoned the practice of medicine to devote himself exclusively to the work of a public lecturer, in which he became renowned. "The Columbian Orator" did more to qualify him for the useful sphere he occupied most of his life, than any teacher he ever had. Its influence permeated his life.

Blount says, "The gifted men of to-day, who are prominent in all positions of life, read a far less

number of books than do their sons and daughters. Look back over the history of the past. Did Shakespeare have many books to read? Did Spenser, Chaucer, Homer, Plutarch, read a hundred novels every year? Take the signers of the Declaration of Independence in our own country! What were they in a literary way? Men who were fed mentally upon the Bible, 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and Josephus. Men descended from a hardy, Christian race, whose one book for study and recreation had contained the Divine Revelation and the Psalms of David. And could there be a set of men collected the wide world over, of finer dignity, of nobler sense, of truer heart?"

Dr. Johnson has been quoted as saying, "Beware of the man of one book," as if he were putting in a plea to read many books. But Johnson did not say or mean that. What he did say was, "Beware of the man of one book. Beware of the man who knows anything well. *He is a dangerous antagonist.*" The reading of a single book thoroughly is better than the superficial reading of many, was really what he said. He who knows one book well is better equipped than he who reads many in a cursory way. Demosthenes was a great admirer of the history of Thucydides. He fell in love with its plan and style, and he resolved to be benefited thereby. He recopied the work eight times in

order to make himself master of the style. That persistent effort to improve his own style proved of greater advantage to him than the reading of a hundred volumes in the usual way.

Matthews says: "In a large circle of men of letters some year ago in England, the readiest man was one who had diligently and devotedly studied Homer—so diligently and devotedly indeed, that upon any line being given him, he was able in most cases to repeat the next. The old bard was his passion, his idol, his book of books; and there was not a difficulty in the idiom, an obscurity in the allusion, a labyrinth in the construction, or a subtle beauty in the poetry, with which he was not thoroughly familiar, and could not accurately and agreeably explain. By the intensity of that study he had not only so developed his reasoning powers as to become a most prompt and clear-headed debater, but he had also acquired a completeness of execution which he carried into every pursuit, and more than that, his intellect had gained a weight and power which were felt by all who knew him."

The foregoing does not commend the student of a single book at the expense of all others; by no means. In showing what it is possible for one book to do, the wise use of a few or many is not questioned.

5. THE NEWSPAPER AS AN EDUCATOR.

Porter claims that the newspaper "is very largely the educator and controller of public sentiment, and hence has become a most potent instrument and depository of power. The editor is at this moment apparently more influential than preachers, judges, or legislators. He is mightier than all these united." If this be true, the sooner we recognise it as an important element of culture, the better will it be for the young of our day, and the better, too, for the future of our country.

That journalism is managed by many of the most talented and influential men of our land must be conceded; and this is true, not only of the present, but of the past as well.

The names of Franklin, Otis, Adams, Hancock, Warren, Buckingham, Greeley, Raymond, Curtis, Bryant, Benjamin, Godwin, Marshall, Prentice, Garrison, Leavitt, Thompson, Beecher, Wilson, Prime, and many others equally gifted and famous, have been or are still connected with the American press. Such talents lift journalism into prominence and great power. They make much of its printed page, as valuable literature as that which is found in the best of books. At the present day, book after book appears, whose contents were first

published in the columns of the newspaper, magazine, or quarterly. So valuable has the press become in this regard that the newspaper, instead of the treatise, becomes the guide of thousands in special directions. The agriculturist goes to his weekly paper, instead of the library, for knowledge about his crops. Here science and art, fact and theory, lead him into the wisest methods. The manufacturer and trader find in their special journals the information which their respective vocations demand.

The products, markets, improvements, prospects, all disclose to them through the well-conducted journal. And thus it is with almost every class of readers—the physician, surgeon, lawyer, preacher, teacher, and statesman. The journals of the day are indispensable to them in their respective spheres. It is a fact that the literary men of our country make great use of our public prints by cutting important news and articles from them for the scrap book. Not only the writers for journals, but also the authors of books, make large use of newspapers and magazines in their work. The late President Garfield began the systematic preservation of valuable things from the papers in his youth, and it is said that at the time of his death he had many volumes of scraps in his library, their contents arranged so systematically that he could

turn to any subject required at once and find what he had upon that topic. In Congress, he found these preserved facts and discussions of great service to him. Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson made great use of the papers to post themselves upon the progress of nations and to furnish material for practical use in their public work as statesmen. The same is true of our public men generally. They cannot afford to dispense with this source of information and assistance, most of which cannot be found in books.

In this connection the remarks of Dr. Abbott a few years since will be read with interest :

“The modern newspaper gives a history of human life. In it you may read the record of God’s work in our own age ; and in no age has His work been grander or human progress more rapid. In France, an empire transformed into a republic, and religious liberty, which had been exiled 200 years ago, summoned back to the home of the Huguenots ; in Spain, the Bourbon queen driven from her disgraced throne and a constitutional government, borrowed from England for the land of Phillip II., a noble revenge for the Spanish Armada of the sixteenth century ; Italy, which has given law to Christendom, once more clad with law ; and Rome, mother of republics, once more made republican in all but name ; the Crescent

turning back upon its path and setting in the East in a stormy sky, while out of a people long lying prostrate at the foot of the "unspeakable Turk," emerges the germ of a nation possibly to rival the glory of ancient Macedon—these are some of the events which have taken place within the last cycle. Of them no book will tell you. For them you must go to the newspapers. What in interest and importance to us are the Gallic campaigns of Cæsar and the strifes between plebeian and aristocrat in Rome compared with this history, in which we live and of which we form a part? Study the newspaper; if possible, study it with cyclopædia, with atlas, with gazetteer; but study it. No literature is worthier your study. Waste no time on the wasteful scandals, the bitter political controversies, the ecclesiastical broadsword exercises, and the idle paragraph gossip. . . . But how God is evoking a new continent out of Africa by the labour of a Livingstone and a Stanley; how He is laying the foundation of a new free commonwealth in Bulgaria; how He is redeeming France from the curse she brought upon herself by the cruelties first of a religion without humanity, and then of a humanitarianism without religion: these are themes worthy of study, and the newspaper is the library in which to study them. There is no more fascinating intellectual occupation than watching

the course of contemporaneous history. The denouements of Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade are nothing to those of life's actual drama. The romance of fiction is inane by the side of the romance of facts."

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CHAPTER IV.

BEACON LIGHTS.

I. CURIOSITY.

THE principle of curiosity is very generally possessed by mankind. Some are more curious than others, but all are sufficiently so. Let a man stop in the street, and look up earnestly into the heavens, and very soon all persons beholding him will be gazing in the same direction. They suppose that something peculiar arrests his attention, and they are curious to know what it is. Let a few persons in the street of a city start and run to a given point, as if something unusual drew them thither, and how speedily there is a general rush of people to the same spot, until the street is completely thronged! Even when perils are to be encountered by the gratification, there are always some who are curious enough to brave every danger.

They will explore a Mammoth Cave, lean over the dizzy height of Table Rock, and even descend into the crater of Vesuvius. These last make navigators and explorers, perhaps eminent discoverers.

Sagacious speculators appeal to this principle of curiosity for the purpose of success. It often serves them well in driving a thrifty, profitable business. In just so far as they can awaken the curiosity of people to see their wares, so far they succeed. When travellers and others behold the name and number of some large mercantile establishment in the city, painted upon the rocks and fences by the road-side, and notice the same in flaming advertisements, whenever they open a daily newspaper, thousands of them are moved by a longing desire to see. Here is the secret of successful advertising. Some establishments, we are told, employ men solely to take charge of this department, and they tax their brains to manufacture advertisements that shall attract general attention, and make readers curious to visit the place of business about which so much is said. There is no doubt that the success of such extensive advertising depends more upon the appeal to curiosity, than upon the mere information that is circulated.

This principle has been made great use of in sustaining humbugs. Barnum understood it to

perfection, and he studied to make the most successful appeal to it. He sought for monstrosities, and if he could not find them, he made them. He issued huge, flaming posters, all covered with pictorial illustrations and wonderful objects, together with fair promises, and sent them abroad. People gazed, read, and wondered. They enriched the showman by paying him for awakening their curiosity.

Now, let one of this class enter a country village, and post up his mammoth bills on barns and stores and board fences, and in addition set a regiment of boys at work in scattering smaller bills over the town, and the entire population is moved. "There must be something worth seeing where there is so much display," they think. Curiosity is on tiptoe. Parents and children, young men and maidens, await the exhibition with impatient interest. So he fleeces them out of a hundred dollars more or less, and then retires, to let the ardour of their curiosity cool.

Satan, too, often makes his successful appeal at this point. The young man would go to the theatre *just once*. He does not believe in attending theatres; but he wants to see for himself. He has heard much about them, and he has read the large posters in conspicuous places along the streets. Is it strange that he is curious to see for

once? Well, he goes ; and once going, serves to create a desire to go again. How soon he forms the habit of attending ! He can hardly live now without the theatre. It ruins him.

Another young man is invited to the gaming saloon. He never gambled in his life, and never intends to do so. But a familiar friend invites him to go, not to shuffle the cards, but *to see*. It is a favourable opportunity to see what he never beheld. He decides to look in upon them, and judge for himself. He goes—and the next we hear of him is that he is a notorious gambler.

In this way curiosity often proves the ruin of the unsuspecting. Satan has made signal triumphs by an appeal to it. To gratify it, both young and old venture too near the edge of the crumbling precipice. The gratification is purchased at too dear a rate—even the loss of character and the soul.

Curiosity, then, like every good thing we possess, may be converted into a curse. Parents are compelled almost daily to repress its risings in their children, and to control it in themselves. And every person's experience proclaims that it needs the restraints and guidance of heavenly wisdom.

2. PLUCK, NOT LUCK.

It is stated that the late Senator Miller of California was a firm believer in Luck—luck in business, in politics, and in every other department in life. He said, "Give me two men of equal business capacity, equal opportunities and energy, one will many times find that everything he touches turns to gold, while the other's touch yields clay. My own career is an illustration." He was once poor and unsuccessful. Every enterprise he undertook proved a failure. What seemed a golden opportunity turned out a mirage. He grasped shadows when he reached for substance. His apples of gold turned to ashes. He sought the office of collector of the port of San Francisco, as a means of keeping soul and body together. He was right glad to find the wherewith to buy his daily bread, when other projects lured him to disappointment and loss. So the deluded man concluded that *luck*, and not pluck, decided the destiny of men. Perhaps, however he did not fully come to this conclusion until the following incident occurred: "One day a ship's captain called upon me at my office in the San Francisco custom-house and showed me the undressed skin of a seal and said, 'I know where

millions of them can be obtained. Suppose you fit up a vessel for me to go on a seal-catching expedition for a certain percentage of the profits.' 'I have nothing to fit up a vessel with,' replied Mr. Miller; 'besides, I have no faith in the enterprise.' The captain was persistent, and much discussion followed. The result was that Mr. Miller induced a few capitalists to fit up a vessel, and he himself joined the company, though with little expectation of gain. The captain returned from his expedition loaded with sealskins, when the Alaska Seal Company was immediately formed, with the exclusive right from the United States Government to capture seals. The enterprise made every member of the Alaska Seal Company rich within a few years.

This is what Senator Miller called a "streak of luck." With less forethought, planning, and faith than he had given to other enterprises which had failed, he became a partner in this company. To him this fact was proof of luck; and he claimed, also, that from that time, curiously enough, every investment he made became profitable with far less care and thought than he formerly expended upon others which involved him in financial ruin.

Senator Miller was wrong. His life furnishes no example of luck. The incident narrated is not an illustration of that doctrine, but of the oppo-

site. True, *he* had not the sagacity to discover a fortune in capturing seals in Alaska ; but the captain had that sagacity, together with tact and pluck enough to prosecute his purpose. Nothing else organised the Alaska Company and made fortunes for its members. Senator Miller was under no obligations to luck for his fortune of three million dollars ; but he was indebted to the foresight, enterprise, intelligence, and heroic industry of the captain. It was here just as it is in every other case—there must be forecast, judgment, tact, and pluck somewhere, to make any business successful. All connected with it may not possess these qualities ; but the originator and prosecutor of the enterprise to a successful termination must possess them. In this case he did possess them. If Senator Miller had said that the plucky captain had more faith than himself in the business, and more application, courage, and tact to prosecute it, he would not have been subject to the charge of delusion, and of teaching a ruinous error to the young men of our country ; for all experience and history teach that men do not blunder into success—they make it. Said William Arthur, “Though all cannot gain eminence, every honest, frugal, and hard-working man can make his way.”

Luck is not God's price for success ; that is

altogether too cheap. Nor does He dicker with men on these momentous affairs. He has but one price for honourable distinction in any pursuit ; you can take it or leave it. It is a fair price, too ; just what the young man, or older man, worthy of confidence, can pay ; and he is not half a man who attempts to get it for less. Think of a man depending upon *luck* for it ! He ought to be ashamed of himself for having such a weakness. Suppose Longfellow had written—

“Lives of great men all remind us
Luck can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time”—

he would have made himself the laughing-stock of the world. That one word—*luck*—would have falsified the noblest sentiments which the poet ever put in verse, and make the closing lines of his poem a disgraceful contradiction—

“Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.”

Men may talk and delude themselves about luck, but poets never sing it. From the sweet singer of Israel down to Longfellow they have discarded

it as the philosophy of fools. It is devoid of poetry as well as of fact. It has made hangers-on to society, but it never made a *man*. It has made ignoramuses, but never a Newton or Lincoln. Regiments of make-shifts *whine* at its beck, while labour goes whistling on to fortune.

3. "SCOUR THE ANCHOR."

A very efficient commander of a vessel, who dreaded the evil influence of idle hours on his men, was accustomed to shout to the little groups that would occasionally assemble on deck in unemployed moments, "*Boys, scour the anchor!*" It was not very important to scour the anchor, and very few of them are subjected to this brightening process. But it was a good way to prevent "evil communications," that "corrupt good manners," and to absorb those unoccupied moments that otherwise might run to something worse than waste. It was better for his crew to fill up every moment with work, though some of it was of little value, than to have idle hours in which the seeds of insubordination and vice might be sown. And so it is better for all other classes to scour the anchor than to do nothing at all. We can find anchors to scour in almost any vocation—dis-

agreeable, dirty work to be done, as a part of the discipline incident to life's great purpose.

Now, young men ought to be interested in the principle herein involved. It should be a settled rule with them to scour the anchor whenever it is necessary, however much averse to the operation their inclination may be. That human nature covets leisure hours, which generally means idle hours, cannot be denied. Men who are wealthy enough to retire from business are envied, though, like the brother of Sir Horace Vere, they may actually die "of having nothing to do"—a malady that has carried off many of the richest and greatest men. If we mistake not, young men aspire to a success in their business that shall speedily raise them above the necessity of labour, as if the highest earthly enjoyment were yielded by sloth or idleness. But it is not so. It is with them, and all, as it was with the aforesaid ship's crew, they are happier, purer, more efficient for scouring the anchor. Consider two or three facts.

Men of the most business, having demands upon their time continually, are those who become most distinguished in their pursuits. There is a culture in this constant employment of the mental and moral powers, and they are kept bright and polished by this continued exercise. Manhood becomes more symmetrical, intelligent, and dig-

nified in consequence. Yes ; it is true, the world over, that men of the largest business, other things being equal, are the greatest men. The faculties of the mind have no time to grow rusty, and get out of repair, nor manhood to sink into morbid ease and disgraceful inefficiency. On the other hand, he who has little to do has less disposition to toil at anything. His mind becomes sluggish and inert, and he has no ambition to honour himself by personal exertions. The idle man is the lazy man, and the lazy man is the last one who distinguishes himself. This constant employment of the time, in which the intellect is kept bright and sparkling, is necessary to rise in the world.

Another fact is that the busiest men have the most time to spare for the various good enterprises that demand some of their attention. Philanthropists do not usually go to the men who are "dying of nothing to do," to lend them a helping hand in their noble work. They could not move such men to act for them ; they are too dull and inert for that. But they go to men whose hands are already full of labour to find co-workers. The latter class, being accustomed to divide and systematise their time and labour, on account of the much they have to do, form the habit of prompt action, so that they readily respond

to appeals for co-operation. The Lawrences, Phelps's, Smiths, and Spoffords were men of much business, and yet they were the men who were called upon often to co-operate with others in works of benevolence. Thus it is that men who have the most to do will do the most outside of their business for the good of others ; and men who have the least to do will do the least in this way of benefiting others. And why is this? Simply because industry keeps the mental powers active and bright, while idleness enervates them and degrades the whole man.

Such facts show how good it is to scour the anchor. It is one of the conditions of success which every young man should understand. And the principle applies to all our faculties, physical, mental, and moral. We are apt to run to extremes. The young man who enters upon a course of study is likely to subject himself only to mental discipline, entirely forgetting muscular exercise. The result is that he becomes puny, feeble, and leads a miserable life, that is divided about equally between consumption and dyspepsia. A good part of his time is spent, finally in studying how to keep soul and body together—a thing which is very poorly done, even with the help of the doctor. On the contrary, the young man who devotes himself to mechanical or agricultural pursuits is likely

to forget that he is made of anything but muscles. He does not seem to remember that he has a mind to cultivate; and so he develops his physical powers into the coarsest type of muscular strength, leaving his mental faculties dwarfed and grovelling. To reap great profits from his farm or trade, he cheats his mind out of its proper nutriment.

Now, if these two extremes could be avoided, and a golden mean be pursued, the result would be excellent. If the young man who gives his time and efforts to study would undertake some work requiring muscular exertion, and the farmer and mechanic would lighten their toils by some intellectual pastime, the cheering effects would soon be manifest.

At any rate, young men should not delude themselves with the idea that they can go "across lots" to success, or, in other words, can secure their coveted object without paying the price. The anchor must be scoured—the time must be improved—idleness must be ignored—industry must be the philosopher's stone that transmutes all things into gold. Planning to be rich, or great and honoured, in five or ten years, is all of a piece with learning French in "twelve lessons," or Spanish "without a master." If it be not as foolish as the lady of fashion who engaged a master to teach her, on condition that he would

not compel her to understand verbs and participles, it is, nevertheless, absurd. God has given each person just time enough to perform his mission well, and no more, provided he fills each moment of it with his noblest efforts.

4. IDLE HOURS TABOOED.

Leisure hours have a place in each person's life, but "idle hours" should never be tolerated. Satan "finds mischief for idle hands to do." There is both the loss of time and the tendency to evil to be deprecated. The mental faculties never grow in "idle hours." Nor do the moral powers increase in such hours; on the other hand, they lose thrift and dwindle.

There is a whole volume of meaning in the following paragraph, which the late Amos Lawrence wrote to his son, in 1832 :—

"When I first came to this city, I took lodgings in the family of a widow who had commenced keeping boarders for a living. I was one of her first, and perhaps had been in the city two months when I went to this place; and she, of course, while I remained, was inclined to adopt any rules for the boarders that I prescribed. The only one

I ever made was that, after supper, all the boarders who remained in the public room should remain quiet for one hour at least, to give those who chose to study or read an opportunity of doing so without disturbance. The consequence was, that we had the most quiet and improving set of young men in the town. The few who did not wish to comply with the regulation went abroad after tea, sometimes to the theatre, sometimes to other places, but, to a man, became bankrupt in after life, not only in fortune but in reputation ; while a majority of the other class sustained good characters, and some are now living who are ornaments to society, and fill important stations. The influence of this small measure will, perhaps, be felt throughout generations. It was not less favourable on myself than on others."

Doubtless the young men who declined to observe the rule, regarded it as a sort of tyranny that promised only mischief. Setting no value upon leisure moments, except in their connection with fun and frolic, they could not think of bending to such a rule. It would be irksome. "Idle hours" were pleasant hours to them. They were hours for the dance and the theatre, and perhaps for evil companionships. Neither the intellect nor the heart has a chance to improve in "idle hours." Said a successful merchant of Boston : "Tell me

how a clerk spends his evenings, and I will tell you what his end will be." The facts given in the foregoing, by Mr. Lawrence, prove that.

The celebrated William Cobbett said of himself: "I learned grammar when I was a private soldier at sixpence a day. The edge of my guard-bed was my seat to study in, my knapsack was my book-case, and a board lying on my lap was my desk. I had no money to buy candles or oil; in winter it was rarely that I could get any light but that of the fire, and only my turn even at that. To buy a pen or a sheet of paper, I was compelled to forego a portion of food, though in a state of starvation. I had no moment at that time that I could call my own; and I had to read and write amid the talking, singing, whistling, and bawling of at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men, and that, too, in hours of freedom from control. And I say if I, under circumstances like these, could encounter and overcome the task, can there be in the whole world a youth who can find excuse for non-performance?"

What were really "idle hours" to other soldiers became better than gold to Cobbett. There was little in his soldier-life to improve and ennoble him; but the good use he made of odd moments redeemed him from what otherwise might have been a wasted manhood.

There is living in Boston to-day a retired merchant and philanthropist, whose boyhood was under a cloud. In his extremity he came to Boston, and sought a place in a store. About the only resolution he had formed in his own mind was, never to have any idle hours. His opportunities for schooling had been very limited ; and he realised that his mind was perishing for food. Around this single resolution clustered all the plans necessary to occupy leisure hours. He found a place, entered upon its duties with a resolute heart, made himself useful to his employer, and advanced daily in all the qualities that constitute true manhood. Other clerks went to the theatre, billiard-hall, or other places for wasting time ; but his resolution stood in the way of that. He had no "idle hours." When the business of the day was over, a book awaited his coming, or an instructive lecture drew him thither. Other clerks made more of a dash than he did, some of them could talk flippantly and loudly, and, for the time being, appeared smarter and sharper ; but most of them ran their brief career, left the store, and dropped out of sight ; while he rose to become a member of the firm, and afterwards its honoured and responsible head, with a name and reputation of which any man may well be proud. He will declare to-day that the secret of his success, as compared with the failure of some

of his associates, is found in the fact that he had no "idle hours."

Dr. Franklin abhorred "idle hours" as Nature abhors a vacuum. His famous maxims abound in sentiments like the following :—

"If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality."

"Employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure ; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour."

"But dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of."

"Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the used key is always bright."

5. THE MISTAKE OF MANY.

Not a few persons are deluded with the idea that the climax of earthly happiness is leisure. They look forward to the time when riches or a competency will enable them to cease hard work and live at ease. Even many successful men, sagacious and aspiring, have fallen into this error, and actually retired from business to discover their mistake. Many have borne their testimony to the falsity of the idea, as a warning to younger people harnessed to their life-work. Recently the renowned Cyrus

W. Field, the originator of the Atlantic Cable, has borne such testimony. He was a poor boy, and left his home, at fifteen years of age, to enter the great store of A. T. Stewart, in New York City. His friends selected this place of business because the thorough system and rigid discipline was well suited to develop the essential qualities of industry, punctuality, fidelity, and efficiency. It was the kind of training that he sought, because he desired to become a successful business man. Hence he was in his element when he was fairly settled in his mercantile work. We need scarcely say that he proved himself an extraordinary clerk; for boys who seek this sort of discipline always do that. He rapidly advanced to the "top."

At twenty-one years of age he married, and went into business for himself. His success was phenomenal. His tact and force of character served him well at every point. His business increased rapidly, and his profits were large. Confidence was reposed in him by all who knew him. He was as honest as he was energetic and industrious. He soon saw a well-earned fortune at no distant day. It seemed to him about as certain as life. Nor was the vision illusory.

In thirteen years he had amassed a fortune sufficient to satisfy his desires; and he resolved to retire and enjoy leisure the remainder of his life.

Some of his friends, who had been conversant with his remarkable activity, as well as his fitness for traffic, were surprised by his decision. That a young man of such noble aspirations, and of such exceptional success, should resolve to withdraw from business and live at ease, was almost unaccountable to them.

The following is what Mr. Field wrote about it a few months before his death ; and his story proves that he learned his mistake very soon after he became " a gentleman of leisure " :—

"For thirteen years I knew nothing but business. I was up early and late, giving myself no rest in summer's heat or winter's cold. At the end of that time I had reached what at the start had been the limit of my desires. Ideas of fortune then were much less than now, and having reached what I aimed at, I resolved to retire from business, that I might enjoy what I had acquired, free from anxiety, and pass the rest of my days in tranquillity and peace. Little did I think that the great struggle of my life was not yet begun !

"But for a time I tried to carry out my resolutions ; and taking junior partners to conduct the house which I had established, I went off to South America, with the artist Mr. Frederic E. Church.

"Landing in New Granada, now called Colombia, we ascended the Magdalena River, crossed the

Andes to Ecuador, descended to Guayaquil on the Pacific, and returned by the Isthmus of Panama ; just in time to attend the golden wedding of my father and mother, October 31, 1853.

“Now I was a gentleman of leisure ! But I soon missed the excitement of business, the contact with men ; and began to feel that I was sinking down from the place of an actor in the world into one of inglorious repose.”

To descend from an “actor” to “inglorious repose” was not a satisfactory experience ; and it never is, and never can be. It is especially unsatisfactory to the most efficient and successful men, whose enjoyment has been found in activity. We think the universal testimony of rich men is that there is more unalloyed pleasure in acquiring wealth than in spending it ; and this arises from the health and vigour of their faculties through untiring thought, planning, and labours. There is no discipline in ease. Neither physical nor mental powers expand under its comfortable *régime*. True men are not grown in this garden, where flowers instead of fruit abound. The Pilgrim Fathers were grown on “the rough New England shore”—the only place where such men could be grown.

But Providence did not leave Mr. Field long at ease. There was other work for him to do, of

which he did not dream when he sought leisure in retirement from business. The new call to duty, however, did not modify the delusion that led him to exchange work for ease. But his new and larger experience, in a wider field, did prove that his talents and character were qualified to render better service to mankind than ever at the time he withdrew from active business. He undervalued his abilities at the time he embraced the delusion named, making two mistakes instead of one. All this he saw and acknowledged to the day of his death. It was not until the All-Wise had called him from leisure into new and grander activities, that the idea of a "cable under the Atlantic" flashed upon his mind. Great thoughts like these never intrude upon leisure moments. They come only to the mind that is on the alert, ready to grasp and do great things.

After giving a full account of his trials in laying the Atlantic cable—the cable breaking so many times as to discourage every man in the syndicate except himself, delaying success for seven years—Mr. Field adds :—

"In looking back over these eventful years, I wonder how we had courage to carry it through in the face of so many defeats, and of almost universal unbelief. A hundred times I reproached myself for persisting in what seemed beyond the

power of man. And again there came a feeling that, having begun, I could not turn back ; at any cost I must see it through."

That a man of such indomitable will and tremendous energy should ever be led to think that the highest enjoyment was to be found in freedom from hard work is almost inexplicable. It only shows that this delusive idea is readily accepted even by thoughtful men and women. So much the more need of exploding the idea at the hearthstone. Let young men understand the truth upon the subject, and take up their chosen work for life, never flattering themselves for a moment that it will be in order to cease active labour when they have money enough to live without it. Let them know that toil is of Divine appointment—a condition of usefulness and coveted happiness. The lesson is indispensable to the cultivation of true manhood.

6. WASHING OUT THE MOUTH.

A boy of seven in the city of Washington was startled by the terrible profanity of a man on the street one day. The swearer appeared to have at his tongue's end every word belonging to the vocabulary of profanity, and they rolled out like

water running down hill. The boy stood listening in utter amazement for a few moments, when he ran up to the profane wretch, and exclaimed: "If you were my mother's boy, she would wash out your mouth with soapsuds."

It transpired afterwards that this lad's mother prevented her sons from falling into the habit of profanity by threatening to punish them by washing their mouths with soapsuds. The boys concluded that it was the part of wisdom to keep a clean mouth without this disagreeable operation. The seven-year-old disclosed the home plan of preventing the evil, when he saluted the swearer as he did.

The mouth of the swearer is an unclean thing. The habit of profanity is so low-lived and inexcusable that we wonder human tongues are ever defiled with it. And yet it is so prevalent, even among the young, as to force the conviction that few mothers resort to the "soapsuds" method of prevention or cure, or any other method related to it. Nothing was ever so distant from pure speech, pure thoughts, and pure motives as this defiler of the mouth. It is suggestive of dirt and moral filth. Vulgarity is its twin habit, indecent and immoral, to the disgust of all thoughtful people; but it is not so reckless an assault upon God as its barbaric sister. No mouth is clean

out of which proceed either of these corrupt utterances.

Neither man nor boy has a motive in swearing. He is quite unable to give a reason for his oath, except to say that it is a habit ; and he generally admits that it is a bad habit. The defrauder has a motive—he expects to gain something by the act. The thief has a motive—he expects to put money into his pocket. The embezzler practises dishonesty to add to his property or lift him over a tight place. And so on to the end of vices and crimes ; all offenders are able to state their motives except the profane swearer. The latter has none to give. He does not expect to make money by it ; there is no particular pleasure in it ; he is made no wiser by the act ; his standing in society is not improved thereby.

No one has more confidence in him because he swears. He is doing no one a favour by the practice, nor putting any one under obligation to do him a favour. He is no more of a gentleman for being profane, nor better fitted for citizenship. He makes no better father or husband by using this infamous dialect ; nor does he appear more brainy or competent for business. Hence the unreasonableness and utter foolishness of the vice. It requires no conscience, reason, or intellect to swear. The uneducated and

degraded become experts at it. A fool can swear.

Once I was passing a town hall in process of creation, when a workman, carrying bricks into the building, stumbled and fell prostrate, hurling the bricks from his shoulders in every direction. It was a rather provoking mishap, and it seemed to shake the bad out of him with a vengeance; for he poured forth a volley of oaths that made my blood curdle, upon the unconscious piece of board that occasioned his fall. He cursed it. He stamped upon it. He sent it to the worst place on record. And when he had apparently exhausted his resources, he began again, and went over the thing, repeating the shocking language to the last syllable.

And all these imprecations upon a board! Did he expect that God would avenge his accident by visiting that unconscious piece of matter with damnation? No! Had he the least idea that the Almighty would send the board to hell? Of course not. This fact shows the utter foolishness of his act. No motive, no reason, no object; a perfectly absurd transaction from beginning to end. And the more foolish and absurd the more wicked. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain." This

is the only commandment in the Decalogue that carries with it an express threatening against the sin prohibited.

Washington's celebrated order to the American army read as follows : "Many and pointed orders have been issued against the unmeaning and abominable custom of swearing ; notwithstanding which, with much regret, the General observes that it prevails (if possible) more than ever. His feelings are continually wounded by the oaths and imprecations of the soldiers whenever he is in hearing of them. The name of that Being from whose bountiful goodness we are permitted to exist and enjoy the comforts of life is incessantly imprecated and profaned in a manner as wanton as it is shocking. For the sake, therefore, of religion, decency, and order, the General hopes and trusts that officers of every rank will use their influence and authority to check a vice which is as unprofitable as wicked and shameful. If officers would make it an inviolable rule to reprimand, and (if that won't do) to punish soldiers for offences of this kind, it would not fail of having the desired effect."

It is less difficult to prevent the formation of this habit in early life than it is to cure it when years have converted the cord into a cable. A clean mouth becomes a young man ; it is

suggestive of a pure heart. Clean clothes are desirable and clean hands ; but a mouth that has no need of soapsuds takes the prize every time.

Rowland Hill's remedy was pretty good. He was horrified on a steamer, by the oaths of the captain to the mate, and of the mate, in turn, to the captain.

"Stop! stop!" he exclaimed ; "if you please, gentlemen, let us have fair play ; it's my turn now."

"Your turn for what?" asked the surprised captain.

"At swearing," Hill replied.

They waited and waited, when the captain broke the silence by saying, "Hurry up, then, and take your turn."

"But I claim the right to choose my own time and convenience."

"Perhaps you don't mean to take your turn," suggested the captain.

"Pardon me, captain," answered Hill, "but I do, as soon as I can find the good of doing so."

If young and old will not swear until they see "the good of doing so," the vice will disappear.

7. LIVING IN AN ALLEY.

Some years ago we had occasion to look after a house-girl who had fallen among thieves in the city. Calling at a given number of a street at the North End for information, we were told: "She is down in that alley [pointing to one near by]; my man will show you." Whereupon the bartender, black as the ace of spades, led the way down through the dark, dirty alley, to a door at the further end: then up an old rickety pair of stairs, to a room in the rear, and there we found the object of our search, and delivered her out of the hands of the Philistine in the course of two hours. We returned home with new ideas about life in an alley. We had often heard about living in an alley, but now we had seen it with our eyes, and ocular proof could not be gainsayed. For some days, every now and then, "living in an alley" would protrude itself upon our thoughts, until, finally, the climax was a revelation.

"Other people live in alleys," we said, "and their choice is to live in narrow, contracted limits. They might emerge from their stifled quarters and cover a continent with their influence; but they prefer to live and die in an alley."

There is Squire Nolens, the richest man in the whole town—and the stingiest, too. He squeezes

every sixpence in desperate love before he parts with it. He scrimps his outlay for the comforts and conveniences of life, that he may increase his pile. He does not hear the wail of suffering and cry of distress that arise from the hungry and oppressed; or, if he hears, he clutches his purse with a firmer grip and tightens the strings, in the littleness of his soul. He lives in an alley, dark if it is not dirty, and in a room that is a good fit for the alley. With his riches and a great soul, he might live in an empire and make it like a garden. His name might become greater than his wealth, and his memory enshrined in the hearts of millions.

By the right use of his money and soul he might be known as a benefactor of his race the world over. Instead of that, however, he shuts himself up in an alley, so narrow that it is shadowy at mid-day. The only occupant of it is self, the poorest company he can have. He fellowships with self; he eats and sleeps with self. Self is his lawyer, doctor, and spiritual adviser. His world is self—bounded on the north by self, on the east by self, on the south by self, and on the west by self. It is the most contracted alley humanity ever inhabits.

Some women live in an alley, so narrow that the flounces of their costly dresses brush the wall as

they pass along. The houses they occupy are elegant beyond compare, and wealth has furnished them in a style that apes Croesus of old. They array themselves in apparel that is dazzling to common eyes, and adopt fashions of domestic life that royalty itself does not excel. Only here and there is a mortal rich enough and fashionable enough to be welcomed to their abode.

Wealth only can tread upon those costly carpets and admire the works of art. It is the domain of fashion, where only its devout worshippers are permitted to visit or dwell. Here, widely separated from the great outside world, gifted women spend their days, dressing, receiving, displaying, spending, narrowing thought and life, exalting self and forgetting humanity—a veritable alley, as contracted as it is repulsive. They might fill the whole land with joy and gladness. Their wealth might bless the world. Instead, they prefer to occupy an alley and waste their riches on self and a little coterie of friends. Lady Somerset once belonged to that class. She lived in an alley. But the Lord opened her eyes to see the narrowness of her sphere and the dearth of her living. At once she came out into the broad, open field of Christian activity, and was happy. Her spirit soared, and her mental and moral powers expanded and embraced suffering humanity every-

where. Her great fortune sent out streams of mercy and blessing on every side. Her country felt her power, and gratitude welled up from a thousand springs. Her usefulness and influence became broad as her benediction. All because she exchanged an alley for the world.

There is a young man who worships style and money. His highest ambition is to be rich and shine in aristocratic circles. He never thinks of his mind to be furnished. His thoughts dwell only upon his body, its dress, appearance, and how it can be pampered. A manly soul does not enter into his computation. Provision for it is scarcely dreamed of. Mental food he does not crave ; so books are not his companions. Reading is naught in comparison with money. He starves his mind and shrivels his soul for the sake of becoming rich and a devotee of fashion. This young man is living in an alley. He is crowding himself into close quarters. He is denying his faculties room for expansion. He is crawling when he ought to soar. He might become intellectually great. He might be known for his world-wide usefulness. The "true riches" might be his, instead of mental and moral poverty. But he has chosen an alley for his home, and there he will die, "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

We will not enlarge. Alley life is so common

that it ceases to attract attention. Half the world like it, or, if they do not like it, they accept it and have no courage to break from it. The denizens of city alleys are not aspiring, neither are those of their fellows who are bound up in self. Opportunity beckons, fields for usefulness open, providence invites, duty urges, appeals multiply, and still they stick to the alley.

CHAPTER V.

GUIDING LIGHTS.

I. THE WILL AND THE WAY.

MANY people fail to appreciate the place and power of the will in their earthly career. The old adage, "Where there's a will, there's a way," appears to them extravagant, if not altogether untrue. They can hardly believe that the human will is so mighty—that a man can hew his way to success against the greatest obstacles if he have determination enough. His will may overcome most difficulties, perhaps nearly all, they think, but to surmount some obstacles which they have known about, appears to them incredible. Nevertheless, the maxim contains a well-established truth. The lives of successful men bristle with telling points on this subject. But for will power all other power would have been fruitless.

This commanded the faculties of the soul and manipulated them as a general manipulates his army. An army without a general would be a mob, as a man without a will would be a wreck. The careers of all great men prove this. The will rules to bless or ruin. Shakespeare says—

“ Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed ;
For what I will, I will—and there’s an end.”

The late Bayard Taylor, at twelve years of age desired, more than anything else, to be a poet and a traveller. He was a farmer’s boy, poor but resolute. He learned to read at four, and at twelve, he had read all the books of the small circulating library of Kenneth Square, the town in which he was born, (Jan. 11, 1815), near Philadelphia ; also, Cooper’s novels, and Gibbon’s, Robertson’s, and Hume’s histories. He was very familiar, too, with Milton, Scott, Byron, and Wordsworth ; and his mother often heard him repeating poetry from these authors to his brother after retiring for the night. But this precocity did not promise to open the door to fame for him. There was little money in the family, and the farm needed hard work more than poetry or acquaintance with Europe or any other country. In these circumstances there was no prospect that his

dream would be realised, though he confidently expected it would.

At sixteen he was teaching school, an employment that he disliked as much as it disliked him. As school-teacher he was a failure. His aspirations were in another direction. At that time Charles Dickens was lecturing in this country, and Bayard received his autograph through a friend ; and he wrote in his diary as follows :—

“It was not without a feeling of ambition that I looked upon it ; that as he, a humble clerk, had risen to be the guest of a mighty nation, so I, a humble pedagogue, might, by unremitted and arduous intellectual and moral exertion, become a star, among the names of my country. May it be !”

These words show that, in his heart, his destiny was settled. His will would make a way. Poverty might interpose. His environments might mock his ambition. Friends even might dissuade him. But his spirit had begun to soar, and soar it would.

One of his poems had been published at this time in the *Saturday Evening Post* ; and this was an era in his life. It strengthened his resolution. His will became invincible, and said, “If there is no way I will make one.”

Failing as a pedagogue, he became a printer, and, for four years, made a success of printers' ink

improving every leisure moment in reading and writing poetry. At nineteen, he walked to Philadelphia, thirty miles, to find a publisher for fifteen of his poems. He wanted to see them printed in a book ; but no publisher would undertake it. He returned to his home whistling, however, showing that his courage and resolution were not abated. To add to his trials the parents of the girl he loved with all the ardour of his soul, forbade his seeing her.

He resolved to visit Europe. "Where will you get money for the trip?" his mother very naturally inquired. "I cannot say now," Bayard answered, "but I am certain that it will come." Here faith was married to his will, and he was stronger than ever. He went to Philadelphia to secure the position of European correspondent of newspapers ; but the proprietors of newspapers politely declined his proposition. He was about to return discomfited, when his will asserted itself, and he said, "I will not give it up so ; I will not be beaten." Then his importunity pushed to the front, and he returned to newspaper offices to plead : and now he was successful. The proprietors of the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *United States Gazette*, each offered him fifty dollars in advance for twelve letters, and they would take more at the same rate if the

letters were good. Having several of his poems with him, he resolved, in the same unconquerable spirit, to dispose of them ; and he did. He returned to his home with one hundred and forty dollars in his pocket and determination enough to take him around the globe.

On July 1, 1844, at the age of nineteen, he sailed from New York for Liverpool. Before embarking, however, he asked Mr. Greeley for the position of European correspondent for the *Tribune*, but in vain. Mr. Greeley replied, " I am sick of descriptive letters, and will have no more of them. But I should like some sketches of German life and society, after you have been there, and know something about it. If the letters are good, you shall be paid for them ; but don't write *until you know something.*"

Young Taylor paid ten dollars for "*steerage* passage" to Liverpool, putting pride and comfort under his feet, that his one hundred and forty dollars might pay the bills of his European trip. It often happens that perseverance has to become a "*steerage*" passenger on the way to success. He visited Scotland, spent several weeks in England, travelled through Belgium to Heidelberg, stayed in Frankfort through his first winter, visited Leipsig, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, and Munich, and then travelled over the Alps, through

Northern Italy, staying four months in Florence, to Rome. All this on foot ! Often he was forced to live on twenty cents per day for weeks on account of his poverty. He returned to London with only thirty cents left. He tried to sell a poem of twelve hundred lines which he had in his knapsack, but no publisher wanted it. Of that time he wrote : " My situation was about as hopeless as it is possible to conceive." But his will defied circumstances, and he rose above them. For two years he lived on two hundred and fifty dollars a year in London, earning every dollar of it with his pen. Then he returned to his native land to find that his letters had made him famous throughout the country, and his fortune was made. He had reaffirmed the adage, " Where there's a will, there's a way." The will had found the way.

We need not tell the remainder of the story ; the reader knows it. Bayard Taylor's fame as author, poet, editor, statesman, and diplomat, is known all over the world. His untimely death in 1879, at fifty-four, when minister to Berlin, was lamented by the learned and great of all countries. His will triumphed over all opposing things but death.

2. A PATTERN.

We have just been reading the life of that excellent man, Deacon Daniel Safford, of Boston, whose death, some years ago, caused deep lamentation in our New England Zion; and we said: "Now, here is a model man for young men to imitate. Every one of them ought to read his life, and emulate his virtues;" and so we resolved to give them our next paper upon this good man's character. We can only refer to two or three controlling and moulding events in his life, leaving the matter there, and recommending our readers to get the book and read it themselves. Every page of the volume is instructive; and young men will find their good resolves and virtuous principles strengthened by carefully perusing the work. It furnishes them with a fine pattern to copy.

When Daniel Safford was sixteen years of age he was apprenticed to his brother in Salem, Mass., to learn the trade of a blacksmith.

Soon after he entered upon his new field of labour, he made the acquaintance of three or four fast young men, with whom he went out evenings occasionally, though his ideas of propriety and principle did not accord with theirs in the least. He looked at them, studied their characters and

motives, asked himself whither such a course of conduct tended, and decided that such companions were not the companions for him. It was after he had been out with them on one evening to a late hour, that he came to the final and bold conclusion to quit their company. He had seen enough. He had no desire to see more of them. He went to bed, but not to sleep. He thought of the past. He looked to the future. He said to himself, "I shall be ruined if I go with them. I must have better companions or the end will be perdition." It was on that memorable night, when conscience would not let him sleep, that he resolved to go no more with vicious young men ; and that decision saved him.

How few youths are sagacious enough to perceive the tendency of things in this way, and sufficiently independent to act accordingly! Hundreds do not stop to see that they are drifting among the rapids, and soon will plunge over the fearful precipice. They can go with evil companions, and not catch the contamination of their corrupt example, so they say. Neither understanding themselves, nor the dangers that beset their paths, they deceive themselves, and think they are safe when they are drifting to ruin. Such a young man as Safford was—thoughtful, wise, far-seeing, discriminating—is the only one who

escapes the contamination of wicked associates. His foresight and firmness are necessary to break the strong ties that bind young hearts to each other.

If we knew nothing more of Daniel Safford than this one act of his youth, we should expect that his manhood would be noble. So many essential and solid virtues belong to a soul that is capable of such a decision, in such circumstances, that we come but to one conclusion. Given a similar act, of any youth about us, and we solve the problem at once—he will make a useful man. So it proved in the case of young Safford, and so it will prove in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred that may transpire hereafter.

Take another act—an illustration of another important principle of human conduct. He was twenty-one years old, nearly twenty-two. He had been one year in business for himself in Boston, partner with the only man he knew in the city when he went there. He had just squared accounts for the year, and found himself to possess just one hundred dollars. He felt rich ; but he knew of a poor Christian woman who lived in an attic near by his smutty blacksmith's shop ; and he resolved that she should be made the happier by his riches. He went to see her, and found that she had little fuel or food, and her room was cold and dreary

and her lot a hard one. He left her, and, going to a wood merchant, purchased a load of wood for her, hired a man to cut it up, and then carried it up her winding stairway himself in the evening, after his day's work was done, and piled it up nicely in her humble tenement. Was not that a good beginning? If you never saw or heard of him thereafter, you would still suppose that his future life was useful. In such an act there is a foreshadowing of future principles and conduct that no one can mistake. It is a bud in which we see enfolded the whole undeveloped man. The bud has only to open, and our hopes are realised.

Compare with this benevolent young man one of the fast, pleasure-loving class, whose first thought in the use of money is self-gratification, and how belittled and ignoble the latter appears. Many young men feel no responsibility to the needy and suffering in the line of charity; and they leave the giving to be done by older men: hence many a man with a large family on his hands to support is expected to give liberally to this and that object, though his wages may be no more than the unmarried young men around him have, and who give nothing. Now we say again, when a young man comes forward to bear his part of the burden of assisting the needy and sustaining the ordinances of religion as Safford did, it means

something. He is not a common young man. It needs not a prophet's ken to discern the brightness of his future life. There is an element of character here that always brings its own reward. No one is surprised to learn that young Safford became one of the most benevolent men who ever lived in the city of Boston. Yet he was never rich ; at least he was not what is regarded as rich in the city. When his property amounted to forty-five thousand dollars he resolved to add no more to it ; that he would give away the whole of his income thereafter, except what was necessary to meet the current expenses of his family. The result was that he gave away more than seventy thousand dollars before his death. One year, after all his income had been given away, he heard a moving appeal in behalf of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and he went home and asked his wife if she was willing to sell their horse and carriage—which was kept for her special benefit, as she was in feeble health, though now was much improved. She gave her consent ; and he at once subscribed the value of the horse and carriage—five hundred dollars—to aid in removing the debt of the Board. Just what we should expect. Remembering the vicious youth, who were cast aside when he was sixteen years old, and the poor woman whom he helped when he

was about twenty-two, we say, it was just what any careful observer would have expected.

And how should we expect that such a young man would die? Triumphantly. We should anticipate that every provision would be made for an exchange of worlds. And so it was with this model man. When he lay very near the door of death, his partner came in and told him what the result of their year's business had been, as he had just taken account of stock; to which he replied: "Then subscribe for me the usual amount for foreign missions." And his last words were, "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, hallelujah!"

A pattern for young men! Nor is a complete imitation of it impossible, as some may be disposed to say. Most young men who read this article have more advantages than Deacon Safford had at their age. They are more favourably situated to achieve success. With his principles and aims in their heart the way to usefulness and honour is certain.

3. BETTER EVERY YEAR.

Nearly fifty years ago a boy of twelve years, in Connecticut, earned his first dollar. He belonged to a family whose members were as poor as they

were numerous. Each one was compelled to do what he could to keep up a successful connection between soul and body. A neighbour employed Charlie—the twelve-year old—to carry the winter's stock of dry wood into the shed and pile it up. The boy did the work promptly and thoroughly. When the wood was neatly piled, he gathered up the chips and swept the yard with an old broom which he found in the shed, thus completing as neat a job of work as an enterprising lad ever had.

"Neat as a pin," said his employer, upon inspecting the work. "There's a dollar for you; you've earned it, and *you shall have the job next year.*"

Charlie took the dollar—his first—with feelings that can better be imagined than described, and hastened homeward. "The job next year!" This promise kept ringing in his ear and down through his heart. "How does he know I shall want it next year?" he said within himself. "I sha'n't always pile wood for a living, I would have him know."

He reported his success to his mother, who congratulated him upon his good fortune, and praised him for his enterprise. Charlie looked thoughtfully for a moment, and then responded: "My feelings are divided between delight with the dollar and *contempt for the man who thinks I shall*

be doing nothing better than piling wood a year from now."

We should naturally expect to hear from a boy of such spirit as that. Going up higher each year is about as enterprising as we can expect a youngster of twelve to be. Such laudable ambition usually crops out at sometime and somewhere. Charlie's cropped out; and, about fifteen years after the wood was piled so well, the following sign appeared over a hardware store at 54, R. Street, Sacramento — "Huntington and Hopkins." The first was our Charlie from Connecticut, and the latter was a kindred spirit from Massachusetts. They had a large store, and sold the best goods at a fair price, and their honesty was even better than their goods. Their principles commanded the public confidence.

It was in this store that the Central Pacific Railroad was born and nursed. "It can be done," said Huntington; and he was only taking a step higher when he said it. "Of course it can," replied Hopkins, whose spirit matched that of his partner well. And it was done. After encouraging one Judah to explore and find a pass for a railway over the Sierra Nevadas, and furnishing him with money to pay the bills, without realising their expectations, Huntington said, "We must push things." So he called in Leland Stan-

ford and the two Crocker brothers, numbering five in all, for consultation.

"I will be one of eight or ten," proposed Huntington, "to pay all the expense of finding and laying out a route for a railroad over the Sierra Nevadas, and that for three years, if necessary." Another step higher. The other four stepped up also. The Central Pacific Railroad was born on that night. It was a tremendous burden to bear, such as only the shoulders that bore the road could bear! A friend said, "Huntington, do you know what you have undertaken? Why, every shovel, pick, rail, locomotive, and all else needed, must be purchased in the East and carried round Cape Horn, and eight months' voyage, before you can utilise them."

"What of that?" was Huntington's laconic answer. That was only the first Cape Horn he would have to sail around before he could ride in a Pullman car over the Sierra Nevadas. Many Cape Horns would have to be rounded before his railway would become a fact.

"Why, Huntington, money can't hire men enough to build your railroad," added his friend.

"The Chinese Empire can furnish them," he replied; and it did. He imported labourers from that crowded country, and the work was done.

"We will pay as we go," he said. "If we can

keep two thousand men at work, we will do it ; but if only half or quarter that number, so be it. We will keep at work only as many as we can pay. If we can pay but one man, then we will keep only one man at work. Dr. Franklin's motto, ' Pay as you go,' is mine."

On returning from Washington at one time, he found the company's treasury empty. " I can keep three hundred men at work one year and pay them out of my own pocket ; how much can you do ? " he said to his associates. Their reply matched his, and the decision was to keep eight hundred men at work one year at their own expense. This prompt decision saved the great and noble enterprise from failure at that crisis.

When the time came for a depôt to be erected at Sacramento, the plan of a fine building that would cost twelve thousand dollars was brought to him. " A very nice plan, indeed," he replied, after examining it, " but we are not doing much business that pays yet. I think such a building as this must answer now ; " and, suiting his action to his words, he drew the plan of a board building upon his store door with chalk. His plan was adopted, and the depôt was put up in a single day at an expense of *one hundred and fifty dollars*.

The living members of the original Central Pacific Company still hold that railway in their

own grip, and this is true of no other railroad in this country except those originated within a few years. Young men who go up higher every year not only add to their natural acquisitions, but they keep what they get!

4. A ROLLING-STONE.

There is an old maxim—"A rolling-stone gathers no moss"—which is applied to men who often change their business, going from one pursuit to another, successful in none. But the truth of the maxim depends on the qualities of the man. Sagacity, decision, and perseverance may turn the maxim into a lie, as it did in the life of the late Peter Cooper. His father was a hatter in New York, with nine children, Peter being the fifth child. With so many mouths to feed and bodies to clothe, Peter was obliged to pull, pick, and clean wool used in hat-bodies when he was a mere child. He was kept at this work during his boyhood, except one year, when he attended a poor school and learned something of arithmetic, reading, and writing. When he was fifteen years of age he was a good hatter. Then his father relinquished his business and removed to Peekskill, where he ran a brewery, and Peter mastered

the art of beer-making in two years. But he disliked the business ; it was too low and mean for a boy of his aspirations.

With his father's consent he went to New York for employment of some kind. Entering a carriage factory, he inquired, "Have you room for an apprentice?"

"Do you know anything about the business?" the proprietor asked.

"No, sir ; nothing," was Peter's frank reply.

"Have you been brought up to work?"

Peter's answer was a brief history of his life.

"Is your father willing that you should learn this business?" continued the man.

"He has given me my choice of trades," answered Peter.

"If I take you will you stay with me and work out your time?"

"I will, certainly," was the youth's assuring answer. So a bargain was struck—twenty-five dollars a year and board—and Peter learned the coach-making business. Four years he spent at this shop, when, at twenty-one years of age, his employers offered to build him a shop and set him up in business, which offer he declined because he "had a horror of being burdened with debt." It was during his apprenticeship to the carriage-maker that Peter began to feel his great need of

more education. He procured books, and spent his evenings and leisure moments and other times in mental improvement. He looked about for an evening school which he might attend, but there was no such school in the city. Disappointed and somewhat discouraged, Peter resolved, then and there, that, if ever he made money enough, he would establish an institution where intelligent and aspiring youth like himself might have an opportunity to learn—a resolve which he carried out forty-five years after in the erection of Cooper Institute in New York.

The war of 1812 began about the time Peter reached his majority, and it ruined the carriage-making business. At the same time the war created a demand for clothing ; and Peter Cooper invented a machine for cutting away the nap on surface of cloth, for which the demand became so great, within a short time, that he found himself unexpectedly in a thriving money-making business. The return of peace, however, in 1815, destroyed that business as suddenly as it was created ; for American manufacture could not compete with the English in the absence of a tariff, and the market overflowed with English goods.

Next he bought out a grocer, doing business on the spot where Cooper Institute now stands. He prospered in this venture, but at the end of a year

sold out and engaged in the manufacture of glue, a business to which he could *stick*, for in it he saw a fortune. The latter business proved so lucrative that, in a few years, it yielded him an income of thirty thousand dollars annually. His fortune was made!

Hatter, brewer, coach-maker, inventor, grocer, glue manufacturer! "A rolling stone gathers no moss." It gathered a pile of moss in this case. Cooper upset the maxim. While in nine cases in ten the maxim proves true, in this case Cooper proved it false. His sagacity, decision, application, and perseverance enabled him to swap a good chance for a better one successfully. His "rolling" was not indiscriminate and aimless. There was method in it. He was forewarned and forearmed by his observation, circumspection, and self-reliance. No inefficient, shiftless youth could have accomplished so much by any amount of "rolling." Changing from one pursuit to another without reason or judgment—changing for the mere sake of changing; a jack-at-all-trades and good at none—that is "the rolling stone that gathers no moss."

5. RARE EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG MEN.

Ex-governor Talbot's career was a noble one from boyhood to the end—one of those quiet, conscientious, faithful lives that may be used as an inspiring object-lesson for the young, in home and school.

My introduction to Thomas Talbot was on this wise nearly thirty years ago : A letter was received by the Massachusetts Temperance Alliance, of which I was secretary, containing a cheque for \$100, signed, T. Talbot. Cheques of that size for the treasury of a temperance society at that day were so uncommon as to awaken special interest. "Who is T. Talbot?" I asked. "Do you not know him?" was the answer; "he is one of the noblest men in Massachusetts. You must make his acquaintance." We did make his acquaintance at the earliest opportunity, and it grew into enthusiastic admiration of the man.

But there was a reason for the hundred-dollar cheque, and a reason that added lustre to his character. It showed the man. It was in this wise. He consented to run as a candidate for state councillor, and he was elected. According to a custom that prevailed, the committee of the district proposed that Talbot should provide a

banquet for the leading Republicans who participated in his election. "All right," answered Talbot, "you manage the banquet and bring the bill to me." The subject was discussed further in a pleasant way, and suggestions advanced as to the time, place, and manner of the festive occasion. "Suit yourselves, gentlemen," he added, "and provide whatever you like and I will pay the bill, excepting that you must not provide intoxicating liquors of any kind. I never paid for a drop of intoxicating liquors yet, and I do not propose to begin now." The committee were dumfounded, a majority of them. A banquet with liquors left out would be to most of them the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet omitted. They wanted Hamlet and all, or nothing, and they said so. They resented his position and were angered.

After still further words, pro. and con., Mr. Talbot remarked pleasantly, "Well, gentlemen, you have my request. Think it over ; sleep over it ; I think you will come to the conclusion, with me, that such an occasion will be more enjoyable without liquors than with them." They separated—a majority of the committee not in a very happy mood. Whether they slept over the subject or not, they did not come to Talbot's conclusion, and the banquet did not occur. The councillor-elect had no banquet bill to pay ; and the useful lesson

he drew from the episode was that a hundred dollars (what the banquet would cost him) would give the temperance cause a timely lift. "Just like him!" remarked one of his old-time friends, when he learned the history of the cheque. *It was just like him*, as we learned from personal acquaintance thereafter. A man of convictions, fearless to maintain them! Too conscientious to be ruled by political partisanship! Just the man to dignify a public office! Such men do not seek office—office seeks them. Their memory is fragrant.

Subsequently we learned that Mr. Talbot was born in Cambridge, N.B., in 1818, and was one year old when his father removed to Danby, Vt.; that his father died when Thomas was six years of age, leaving seven sons and one daughter wholly dependent for support upon their widowed mother. Mrs. Talbot was a strong-minded person and devotedly pious. She was reared a Quakeress, but united with the Methodists at Cambridge, feeling deeply the need of a church home and Christian fellowship. Religion and eight children was all she had left when her husband was laid away in his grave, and it proved a precious legacy. She considered religion indispensable to the management of so many Talbots; hence she was well equipped for her new and great responsibilities. With \$10,000 without religion she would not have

been so well fitted for the rearing of such a brood as she was with her Christian heart and nothing more. The remarkable future of her family is positive proof of this statement. The manhood and womanhood that delighted to honour that mother when old and grey, ascribed all that they were to her tender care and guidance.

We should add here that there was noble blood in the family. Thomas Talbot was a lineal descendant of the Earl of Shrewsbury on the paternal side, and of the Horace Walpole family on the maternal side. If ancestry is of any value in working out the problem of life, our subject had the advantage of it. But his good mother was superior to all ancestral benefits, and it was through her discipline that her "sons became as plants grown up in their youth, and her daughter as a cornerstone polished after the similitude of a palace."

The family removed to Northampton, and afterwards to Williamsburg, Mass., where the boys could work in a woollen mill. Thomas was an operative in the mill at twelve. In order to subsist, and get a common school education at the same time, the boys alternated between the "old red school-house" and the mill. Part of them worked in the factory while the others went to school. In this way the family was supported and the children educated. Thomas, and perhaps

two or three of his brothers, supplemented their schooldays with a term at Cummington Academy, a few miles distant. The record of this family knocks the bottom out of the cunningest argument ever framed against our public-school system.

Thomas was a rare boy. I once met a man who worked with him in the woollen mill in his youth. "Just such a governor as he was a boy," he said. "He was the most manly, conscientious boy I ever knew, we all thought the world of him. Politics can spoil ordinary humanity, but politics won't spoil him." Young Talbot rehearsed to this co-labourer the struggles of his mother to keep the family together; until his hearer believed that another woman so remarkable could scarcely be found. "And that was so," he added. "I recall how her tact, ability, and wisdom in training boys was discussed in my father's family. Indeed it was the neighbourhood talk. She was a very superior woman."

When Thomas was fifteen years old, he was sent to Pittsfield for a horse. He went thither by public conveyance, but rode the horse bareback on his return—an all-day ride. When he left Pittsfield for home, he had only 15 cents left, and he spent that at noon for oats for the horse, and himself went without eating all day. "That's Tom all over," remarked a neighbour on hearing of his

kindness to the brute ; "most boys would have bought a card of gingerbread with the 15 cents and let the horse go hungry." The incident recalls another of his later life, when he was governor. A member of his council was frequently invited into his private room for consultation, when fathers and mothers, wives and children, or brothers and sisters, came to plead for the pardon of some wayward relative in prison. "I can never forget the wisdom, tenderness, and fidelity of the man at such a time, when he was moved even to tears by the pleaders."

If there were good grounds for a pardon, he did not hesitate a moment to grant it. If it were otherwise, he showed them how and why it was necessary for justice to take its course, accompanying his decision with such words of comfort as to alleviate their grief, so that they would retire blessing him for his kind sympathy, and evidently convinced that he could not have decided otherwise without violating his oath of office.

It was the writer's good fortune to escort seventy-five ladies of the Women's Christian Temperance Union to the Council Chamber, when Governor Talbot had the License Law, just enacted by the Legislature, in his hands, to sign or veto, and introduce to him their speaker, who was a gifted woman on the platform and in the pulpit. The

governor replied in substance, to her eloquent and touching plea not to sign the bill, that the ladies before him, whose work he highly commended, might rest assured that his action in the case would be governed by his conscience. Immediately on leaving the room that lady speaker, who had never seen the governor before, turned to me and said, "Noble man ! our visit here is superfluous. That man will never sign a license bill, never. He is a true man ; it is written all over his face." She was right. A soul like his could not lend its influence to any law or scheme that involved the perpetuity of vice and misery.

A veto alone could express his opinion of a statute that must multiply drunkards and wretched homes. His veto message proved to be one of the ablest and most statesmanlike papers that was ever written by a governor. Some of the London papers pronounced it a model state paper for its brief, crisp, incisive, clear-cut expressions. It contained this grand sentence, that won the respect of all readers : "I must act on my oath and my conscience, appealing for any justification not only to the enlightened judgment of the people of Massachusetts, but to that Power which is superior to all common authority and infallibly tries the hearts of men."

Mr. Talbot was connected with Unitarians. At

the same time he was as unsectarian as he was unpartisan. Most of his employés at North Billerica, where his mill was located, were Baptists, and their house of worship was two miles away. He felt that their best good required a place of worship in their own village, and, after conferring with some of the leaders, he erected a beautiful house of worship, at a cost of \$13,000, and presented it to the society, accompanying it with a fund of \$5,000, the income of which should be used in paying current expenses from year to year. He believed that the religion of all sects who had the true religion was alike, and that their differences were only in denominational dress. To him the Christ-spirit was religion wherever it was found. Hence his gift to the Baptists was as hearty and conscientious as any gift that he ever tendered to his own denomination.

When it was proposed to nominate him for governor, he did not receive the proposition favourably. "I am not qualified to be governor of Massachusetts," he said. "My education is not equal to the responsible position. A man should be elected governor who can acquit himself with honour before Harvard University." Modesty was one of his cardinal virtues, and here it asserted itself. He went on: "I do not enjoy public office; it is not according to my taste; I shrink from it;

at the same time, I desire to stand in my lot and do my duty." Thomas Talbot again! Office seeking him, and he trying to elude the office! The writer met him in Boston and inquired if he had not concluded to let his name be used as candidate for governor. "Yes, I told my friends yesterday they might have it, but I must insist upon one condition, that I shall not lift a finger for the nomination nor pay a cent more towards the expenses of the campaign than I usually have." He was never enough of a politician to blow his own horn. He would work for any worthy man nominated, but he would not work for Thomas Talbot.

A brighter example of noble manhood for the encouragement of young men is not on record. From poverty to wealth, from obscurity to renown, from a mill operative to true greatness, his career illustrated the value of industry, energy, honesty, fidelity, and Christian principle. He hewed his own way to success. He was emphatically "the artificer of his own fortune." Ex-Governor Long paid the following glowing tribute to Talbot's memory, and, in doing so, he presented a true and beautiful analysis of his character:—

"It does not occur to me to speak of Thomas Talbot as a man to be singled out from all others, but to speak of a certain class and type of men

whom we have in our common class of Massachusetts, men who are born right, which is a good deal—born with the right instincts and purposes—men who are somehow so made and fashioned by God, that they never go wrong ; men who, whatever their circumstances, are superior to circumstances ; who, cradled in poverty, rise above it ; who, without the advantages of education, secure education ; men who, without special moral training, are as correct in their moral habits as if they had graduated from an academy for moral training ; men who, born to labour with their hands, and seemingly condemned to manual toil, gradually so overcome fortune that they become the employers of labour, become the exponents of our great industries, and, almost before you know it, are the manufacturing and commercial princes of our commonwealth ; men who, having established themselves in the community as morally correct, extend their influence into social and political channels. I love to think of Thomas Talbot as a type of that class of men, and as perhaps the one man whom you would single out in this whole commonwealth to-day as representing that type of men best."

CHAPTER VI.

A BIT FOR BOYS.

I. STOPPING TO THINK.

WHEN Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase was a little boy, eight or ten years old, he was told by his father's hired man, *that he could catch birds by putting salt on their tails.* It was in the autumn when birds were gathering in flocks before taking their flight to a warmer climate; and Salmon thought it was a capital opportunity to make the trial. So he tried the experiment upon a flock of birds that were unusually tame, not far from his father's house. He chased them about from one spot to another, with his pocket full of salt, with which he had taken good care to provide himself; but he failed to lodge a single grain of it on the tail of a bird. Many times he threw a handful at the scared creatures, but when the salt fell where the bird was, the bird was not

there. Salmon became impatient over his ill-luck. If his heart had been turned inside out, some bad temper would have been discovered therein. Just then, however, a bright thought struck him.

"It isn't true," he exclaimed ; "can't put salt on a bird's tail. If I could get near enough to them to do that I could catch them without salt."

Why did he not think of that before? The hired man was jesting. Perhaps he did not think that Salmon would be so silly as to chase the birds with salt ; but he did, as we have seen ; and all because he did not *stop to think*. As soon as he reflected for one moment, and inquired whether the statement of the hired man was true or not, he saw what a simpleton he was making of himself. He never forgot the lesson of that day. He stopped *to think*—and the result was to make him one of the great men of his age.

A teacher wanted to test some of her scholars one day, and so she asked, "If you fill a tub level full of water, and drop into it a stone as large as your head, why will not the water run over the tub." At first, not one boy or girl stopped to think ; they took it for granted that the water would not overflow the tub. Jennie and Thomas and Jane and others answered, giving such reasons as occurred to them. At length, however, little

Jamie Lincoln, one of the smallest boys in the class, who had been *thinking*, cried out: "The water *will* run out of the tub."

He was right. The teacher put the question as she did because she wanted to see how much her scholars were disposed *to think* for themselves. She found out, did she not?

My readers ought to understand this matter. The most important thing they do is *to think*. Without it, it is quite impossible for them to become good or great. If they believe everything they hear, they will be chasing birds with salt as long as they live. Without *thinking* they will never know that a tub cannot hold more after it is full. Thinking makes good scholars, as well as good men and women. *Thoughtlessness* is the mother of ills and misfortunes.

Stop a moment and see how much there is to think about. All around you are subjects and objects to task the power of thought. No one can exhaust them. It is raining now—how much there is in a *rain-drop* to think about. As they patter on the window pane, drop after drop, driven by the stormy wind, how much alike are they?

Why does the rain fall in drops? Why does it always descend in that form?

Why does it rain more at one season of the year than at another?

When it begins to rain, why does it stop ?

When it stops raining, why does it begin again ?

Why does it not rain instead of snow in winter ?

Is a snow-flake made out of what makes the rain-drop ?

You see how many inquiries can be raised about a drop of rain, that scarcely makes you look up when it falls pat on your nose. Not only children, but grave philosophers can tax thoughts a great while on the *whys* and *wherefores* of a drop of rain.

Soon the ponds will be frozen, and skaters will glide over them through the frosty air. Have you ever stopped to think about that ice ? How wonderful it is ! It looks almost as if the great God caused the water to freeze in winter on purpose for skating—that boys and girls may spend happy hours in the pastime.

Why does not the sheet of ice that forms on the surface of a pond sink to the bottom ?

Is not ice heavier than water ?

Why does not all the water in every pond freeze and become one solid mass ?

How cold must it be to freeze water ?

Is there any country where masses of ice are always found ?

Is there any country where ice is unknown ?

Thus a great many inquiries can be raised about

ice, that some boys value only as they can use it for skating. And these inquiries relate to the most interesting things to be known about it. *Thought* alone can bring them out. And so it is of a multitude of things that we have neither time nor space to speak about.

Many things that command a great deal of attention are really not worth *thinking* about. How many persons begin, when they are boys and girls to think about *dress*, and study to follow the fashions, and to make a show, as if dress were the most important subject to engage their attention. In manhood and womanhood they pride themselves on a fine wardrobe and splendid furniture and a costly house, their thoughts dwelling upon these as more important than knowledge and virtue. Without any of this display a person can be useful, happy, and good. Indeed he can be more useful, happy, and good without them than he can with them. They often belittle the soul and dwarf the mind, so that what God meant should be valued most highly is considered of least importance.

The Bible says, "As a man *thinketh* in his heart, so is he." It makes the character of the man depend upon his *thinking*. Thoughts make the man. You can *think* yourselves into contemptible creatures, or you can think yourselves into

honourable, virtuous, and influential men. Which will you do? No one else can think for you—no one can think you into true, noble, earnest manhood—you must do it yourselves. Stop and think!

2. THE BOY OF PISA.

Three hundred years ago there was born in Pisa a son to whom his mother gave the name of Galileo. The reader has heard about him, though, perhaps, has not stopped to think that he was once a little, helpless babe, no more promising than other babies in thousands of families. When he was eight or ten years of age, he was quite a favourite with his playmates because he knew how to mend their broken toys. Tops were as common then as they are now; and he could not only mend them, but he could even make them. He replaced more than one battered and broken top with newly-made sound ones. And so with other toys—he could reproduce almost any of them. The boys knew him as the “toy-mender” and the “toy-maker.”

His father was poor, unable to send him away to school much, so that he was obliged to remain at home; and there, under the tuition of his father, who was a talented man, he made great progress

in painting, music, and song. He was a real "bookworm," as people would say nowadays. Other boys on the banks of the Arno loved sport—to fish, hunt, and frolic—but he cared only for knowledge. He became quite noted while yet a boy for his knowledge. People said that he was "an uncommon boy." Many fathers wished that their boys were like him.

When he was seventeen years of age, his father sold what small possessions he had, in order to educate his son in the medical profession at the University of Pisa. He was rather proud of him, and thought that almost any sacrifice must be made for the advantage of the boy.

Now the University of Pisa was founded on the principle of some other universities—that pupils must not *think* for themselves. It was expected that pupils would believe what was taught in the institution. But Galileo could not do that. He thought that many false things were taught there, and he called them in question. The professors did not like this. It was unusual to have the correctness of their opinions doubted by a boy. But Galileo was a spirited youth, and would not be put off by a rebuke. His questions would be put; and often his teachers could not answer them. Time has proved that the boy was more nearly right in many things than his teachers. The

doctors now discard many things which were taught in the school at Pisa.

At nineteen years of age he left the University without taking a doctor's degree. He had become deeply interested in geometry and other studies of that kind ; and one day he was walking through the gorgeous cathedral of Pisa, at the western extremity of the town, when his attention was drawn to the oscillation of one of the lamps suspended from the ceiling. He inquired after the cause of that motion of the lamp, and the result was that he discovered the most correct measurement of time that we now possess. As he had studied medicine, he applied it, in the first place, to the rate of the pulse.

A few years afterwards he became Lecturer on Mathematics in the University of Pisa, where he had disputed with the doctors. Then he became Professor of Mathematics in the University of Padua, where he was so popular, that he was often obliged to adjourn from the lecture-room to the open air, in order to accommodate the multitude who came to hear him.

Still later in life the report came to him that an instrument had been made in Holland by which remote objects would appear to be very near. This was a hint to his active mind, accustomed from boyhood to *think*, and he set himself to work

to produce a telescope. With a leaden tube and two spectacle glasses, he produced a telescope in a short time, which was the parent of all the telescopes that have been made since. With his rude instrument he could discover mountains and valleys in the moon ; see that Jupiter was attended by four satellites; and that the whole heaven was sown with stars too small to be seen by the naked eye. It was the wonder of the age ; and the man who invented such an instrument became as remarkable as his invention. Learned men and great men, from far and near, visited him and paid him honour. His fame was world-wide. The invention of the telescope caused him to devote all his time and talents to the study of astronomy ; and it looked at the time as if his earthly fortune was made thereby. But the telescope brought him at length fearful persecutions and great sufferings.

By the aid of the telescope he discovered that the earth revolved around the sun, and not the sun around the earth, as people had believed hitherto. For making known a fact so contrary to public opinion, he was arrested by the Inquisition, and forced to swear upon his knees that the earth did not move around the sun as he had thought, and that the sun did move around the earth. Then he was thrust into a deep, dark dungeon, where he

was kept for four days, when he was taken out and suffered to live, though he was placed under careful watch that he might not do any damage to mankind by teaching that the planet on which he lived revolved around the sun.

We are sorry that Galileo did not have a little more pluck when the Inquisition demanded that he should renounce his opinion. He denied what he believed to be the truth. He did it, however, to save his life. The Inquisition sometimes killed men by cutting off their limbs and boring or burning out their eyes. Perhaps he feared such a death as that. He never recovered from the last blow inflicted by his enemies. Little was heard from him after he went to Rome and swore that what he believed to be the truth was a lie. He died at seventy-eight years of age.

Galileo *thought* himself up the ladder of fame. There was not a lazy bone in him. He was no idler. Men who *think* much are often the hardest workers. *Thinking* was the secret of his industry and success.

3. WHAT THE SNOW PYRAMID TAUGHT.

One day in wintry January the writer's attention was called to a snow pyramid in a neighbouring

town. It was built by the boys of the district school near by, as a pleasant pastime. "How laborious and persevering boys will be in their sports," said a lady, as I called her attention to it. It was really quite a curiosity, and the remark of the lady led me to regard it as an illustration of youthful energy and perseverance. The pyramid was about twenty feet high, I should judge, and perhaps six feet square at the base, and half that size at the apex. The blocks of snow of which it was constructed were about one foot square. It was not hollow, but a solid column. A hasty estimate of the number of blocks in the structure shows that there were not less than *fifteen hundred*. It would be a long and tedious piece of work for one scholar to cut and properly lay them. Upon an average it would consume not less than five minutes to each block, or 7,500 minutes to cut and lay the whole. This number of minutes is equal to 125 hours, or twelve and a half days of ten hours each. How many lads would shrink from building such a structure of sticks of wood in that time! But "many hands made light work," especially when they join to do such a thing for sport.

Scholars who can find pleasure in rearing such a pyramid of snow, ought never to be discouraged by the difficulties with which they meet in their lessons. "I can't" should never fall from their

lips. If such a work as that to which we have pointed stood before every schoolhouse as a true symbol of the spirit and perseverance of the intellectual toilers within, it would be a happy thing for the land. But it is to be feared that too many of the young go to their plays with a relish that disappears when they return to their books. For this reason "I can't" is frequently heard from those who ought to persevere and triumph.

"Where there is a will, there is a way," is an old and truthful maxim. When an indomitable will has resolved to do a thing, it is half done. The success of distinguished men in the various pursuits of life is proof of this, no one of them was ever stupid and cowardly enough to say "I can't." Nathaniel Bowditch, the great mathematician, once said: "Never undertake anything but with the feeling that you can and will do it. With that feeling success is certain, and without it failure is unavoidable." He said that one of his rules of life had been "To do one thing at a time, and to finish whatever he began."

The celebrated Thomas Fowell Buxton, who was the champion of British emancipation, wrote as follows in his last days: "The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, is energy—invincible determination—a purpose

once fixed, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world ; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it." One of the Rothschilds has said that his success turned upon one maxim, "I can do what another man can." We might quote a multitude of similar sayings of successful persons, were it necessary ; for there is but one feeling and expression upon this subject. Instead, however, of doing this, we will refer to one well-known character—Elihu Burritt. Every scholar is acquainted with him by reputation, as the "learned blacksmith." Before he was fifteen years of age, he received only about three months of schooling, and that was at a common district school in the winter.

At the age of sixteen, after the death of his father, he apprenticed himself to a blacksmith, with whom he lived until he was twenty-one years of age. During this time he was a great reader, and spent all his leisure moments in that profitable recreation. After he became of age he went to school six months, when he returned to the forge, but with the determination to educate himself. He engaged to do the work of two men, and received double wages for it. Although he was compelled to labour fourteen hours of each day,

yet he found time to read Latin and French morning and evening. During this time, too, he made himself acquainted with Spanish, and also began to study Greek. He procured a Greek grammar just large enough to lie in the top of his hat, so that he could study it occasionally while he was casting brass cow-bells, which was a part of his work at that time.

About a year after this time he determined to visit Europe, in order to study the Oriental languages. He resolved to work his way across the Atlantic as a common sailor, and spend his wages for books to aid him in the prosecution of his noble work. Boston was the nearest port; one hundred and twenty miles distant. He started for this port in good spirits, with his clothes tied up in a handkerchief, and about *three dollars* in his pocket. His must have been a resolute will that could undertake such a tour without flinching. A voyage to Europe with a small bundle of linen, and three dollars in his pocket! and that, too, for the study of the Oriental languages! That was his first visit to Boston, poor, weary, and a stranger. His next visit to that city was made within five years after by the express invitation of Hon. Edward Everett. What a change! All wrought through his determined perseverance! "I can't" was a phrase that he did not know, or he never would

have made himself acquainted with fifty or sixty different languages.

We have merely glanced at a few incidents of his history, for the simple purpose of showing what energy and perseverance will accomplish. Without these qualities, Burritt, though a man of great natural abilities, would not have been known beyond the forge of his workshop. He pursued the various studies to which he attended, as the aforesaid scholars built the pyramid of snow—with all his heart.

4 THE ENGINE-MAKER.

George Stephenson was a poor boy—poor as the poorest. His father worked in a coal-mine, being fireman of the pumping engine that kept the mine dry. He was a steady and industrious man, and by hard labour managed to support his family after a manner, though he was not able to send his children to school.

George was a smart, driving little fellow, with almost as much steam in him as there was in his father's engine. He was a good boy, too; ready to lend a helping hand to the large family when he was the merest lad. Five brothers and sisters sat with him around the family board, and he was the

oldest but one. Just food and clothing enough to keep soul and body together was the most that his father could provide; no books, no schooling, no luxuries.

"Not a very bright prospect for Georgie," my reader will say. And yet there was a *bright side* for the poor family. There was real worth under Father Stephenson's old coat, of more value than wealth to the household. If his actual value had been in his clothes, as is the case with dandies, the family would have been poor indeed. But since "worth makes the man," the family was rich in everything but money.

When George was nine years old he went to live with a farmer. He was not old enough to chop, shovel, or build wall, but he could watch the cows while they grazed, and that was his business. He received *twopence* a day for his labour, less than some boys of his age pay for candy now-a-days. It was quite a sum to George, however, who had never owned five coppers in his life, and he entered upon his new business with a zeal that would quite eclipse some of the prim-looking clerks who strut in great warehouses now.

As he grew older, he was promoted to other farm-work, such as milking the cows, driving the horse, hoeing corn and digging potatoes, in all of which he did the best he could. He never thought

that milking the cows or digging potatoes was small business ; he would as soon have thought it was small business to be a baby or a boy, when he must be both before he could be a man.

George had a taste for wind-mills and water-wheels, and he began to make them before he went to live with the farmer ; nor did he cease to show his skill in that line after he went to the farm. He made little engines, too, as near like that which his father tended in the coal-mine as he could. Indeed, he had quite a passion for miniature engines, and he grew ambitious to tend a real, working engine, like his father's. He meant to have one of his own by and by.

When George was fourteen years old, his father removed to another township, to work in another coal-mine, and George was taken thither to act as assistant fireman. He was glad to quit the farm, because he wanted to be an engineer ; and he took hold of his new business as one who was determined to do well in it. By the time he was eighteen years of age, he was well acquainted with every part of an engine. He could take one to pieces, and put it together again as readily as the most accomplished engineer. And still, he could not read nor write ; indeed, he did not know a single letter of the alphabet. He had a strong desire, however, to gain knowledge.

A night-school for the colliers' children was opened about this time, and he attended it. Every day his thirst for knowledge grew stronger and stronger. His leisure moments he employed in studying, and in two years he could read, write, and cipher very well. The more knowledge he acquired the more he wanted to acquire. The more he knew, the more he wanted to know. He was determined to make a *man* in the true sense of the word. Among his fellow-labourers he became "a jack at all trades." He mended their clocks and shoes, and cut out clothes for them, and did almost anything that he was asked to do, so that he was regarded as a "genius."

Thus he went on, step by step, until he made a locomotive engine, in 1814, which was run on the Killingworth railway. About the same time, also, he invented a safety-lamp, to be used in the coal-mines. He knew that he could make a much better engine than the one he had already completed, and he did. He kept at work, until, in 1829, he received a prize for an engine that could run twenty-nine miles per hour, its average rate being fourteen miles. He named it "The Rocket," because it shot over the ground at such speed. It was the wonder of those times, and Stephenson became renowned at once throughout Europe and the world, as the author of the great English rail-

way system. Within forty years from the time he went to watch the farmer's cows, at twopence per day, he became one of the most useful and renowned men of Europe, and the reader can see how it was done.

A high aim, doing things well, patience, perseverance, and all those other good qualities that are found with them, made them successful. Money did not help him, for he had none. A distinguished father did not lift him into favour, for his father was obscure—only a collier. It was not *luck* that achieved his fortune, for *luck* never brings success to any one. He made himself, just as other poor boys now can rise, by dint of perseverance.

Martin Luther was the son of a poor miner; Zwinglius was the son of an obscure shepherd; John Bunyan's father was a travelling tinker; Columbus was the son of a weaver, and Henry Kirke White, of a butcher; Bloomfield, Gibbon, Dr. Carey, and Roger Sherman began life as shoemakers; Jeremy Taylor was the son of a barber, Scott of a glazier, and John Hunter of a carpenter; Cowley's father was a grocer, and Collins's was a hatter. Thus all useful and honourable pursuits open the way to success and true fame.



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